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TYPOGRAPHICAL.

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Once on a time, when I was young,
I cut a curious caper—
I wrote a poem to my love
And sent it to the paper.
I, in the fullness of my heart,
Addressed it "To Amelia,"
But, when the thing came out in print,
They had it "*To a Squealer.*"

And where I'd written "blushing cheeks
As red as my Love's roses,"
Those horrid printer men had put
"*As red as my Love's nose is;*"
And where I said her "raven hair
That ravished all beholders,"
It read she had a "*crown load*
And radishes for shoulders."

Where I had praised "her very eyes
That nearly set me crazy,"
They called them "*huckleberry pies,*"
And swore that she was lazy;
And when I wrote that "I adored
The very ground she walked on,
They had it that she was "*a fraud*
And stuffed out round with cotton."

They—when I asked my love to smile
I said "on your adorer"—
Invited her to take a smile,
And added—"*you're a roarer !*"
And when I praised her angel form,
Adopting poet's usance,
They said she was an "*angler's worm,*
A position and nuisance !"

That night I packed my linen up,
And, with my old portmanteau,
A very small and distant town
In trembling fear I ran to.
'Twas well I did, and never stopped
To turn and look behind me,
For, armed with clubs and things, her folks
Long sought, but didn't find me.

Baffled, they shot the editor,
And, running mad with evil,
They burned the printing office down
And hung the printer's devil.
Next week I took a paper up
That reached me where I tarried,
And saw—O, agonizing sight!—
My rival she had married!

Well, when my mind got calm, I bought
Of paper half a quire;
Some pens and ink and blotting-pads—
I struck no more the lyre;
Gave up, disgusted, once for all,
Stanzas on love inditing,
And passed the weary days and nights
Improving my hand-writing.

J. H. B.

TOM BLIGHT THE GROOM;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF DOSMERRY POOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTED SISTERS," &C.

CHAPTER XXI.

"By that lake whose gloomy shore,
Skylark never wanders o'er."
MOORE.

Weary and sick, Jonathan Trout turned his back upon Dowlais, disappointed and baffled in his favorite scheme. Many a bitter curse he ground out as he walked away towards Tantallon, without any definite object in going there, except the desire to see old familiar faces that comes over all at times. Despite his long absence and the time that had elapsed, he had heard of the queer occurrences of Clara Pendarvis' wedding day, and of Bretton's extraordinary delusion about Dosmerry Pool. He could not quite fathom it, but never forgot anything, and had come to Cornwall, resolving to find out what it all meant, if possible. Now, however, he was too frightened and dispirited for even his subtle brain to plan or think of anything, and he hung around the back of the house more for the sake of seeing any servants whom he knew, than from any other motive. Servants stayed long at Tantallon, and more than one man soon recognised the ill-looking stable-helper of former days. They had no very warm welcome for him, but curiosity to know where he had been and what he had been doing soon overcame any scruples they might have had as to associating with him, and, after a while, he was made pretty free of the stable yard.

"You look down on your luck, Trout," remarked a groom, who for twelve years had filled the place of the hapless Tom Blight. "You're not so fresh-looking as you were once."

"I am down on my luck," he replied; "give me a mouthful of victuals, for old times; I don't think Sir Hugh would say no, though he did turn me out of the place like a dog."

"You deserved it, Jonathan, but I'm not going to cast it up to you now. Sir Hugh will never know aught about it—there's something up."

"What's up?"

"I don't rightly know, but he's off to London by the night mail from Plymouth—to see my lady—he's looking awful bad."

"Is he ill?"

"No, not that I know of, but——" he dropped his voice to a frightened whisper, "You remember what scared you away from here when you were a little lad, don't you?"

"Oh, lor, yes; don't talk of it."

"Drink up your beer, man—why, you're as white as though it was yesterday instead of all those years ago. Well, they say it's that that has upset Sir Hugh—any way, it was seen last night—the first time these ten years."

"Who—who saw it?"

"Nearly all the house—I did for one."

Jonathan Trout's teeth chattered in his head, and he took a great gulp of beer.

"What time?"

"Well, that's the queerest part of it—Sir Hugh must have seen it early in the morning, but it was'nt twelve when the rest of us saw it on the lawn in front of the house, where it appeared once before, a long while ago, before my lady was married. We saw it quite plain, just as it used to be—the ring and the curls and all."

"Well?"

"Well, we went and told the valet—he'd been with his master and had'nt seen what we had, and he told Sir Hugh, for an angry message came out that we were to go to bed and not be fools. The gardener and one or two more of us searched the place, but we couldn't find anything. About four in the morning the master must have seen it, for the valet heard him groaning, and found him all white and shaking, and he said he had a dream something about a man in his room—but we know better. We think he's had some warning about my lady that he's off in such a hurry."

"A letter more likely."

"The postman's never been near Tantallon these two days; I tell you 'twas the ghost. Something's going to happen."

"Very like; I saw it myself."

"Saw what?"

"The ghost—two ghosts I think; first one dead man and then another. But it has well nigh killed me with fright."

"Where did you see it?"

"Over yonder," said Trout, indicating almost any point of the compass, with a sweep of his arm; "'twas dressed just as it used to be, all in velvet and gold. I tell you mate, I got a turn."

"We all got a turn—its a warning, and we've another besides—the pool's running dry—and they say that when that happens the fortunes of Pendarvis go with it."

"Dosmerry Pool!"

The groom nodded, and Jonathan Trout finished the food that was given him and went his way, revived in body and refreshed in spirit.

"I know what Bretton said she saw," he muttered.

"I heard all about the midnight meeting, and the man! They say that the pool tells no tales, if it is running dry—we shall see—we shall see!"

Sir Hugh Pendarvis had a warning; he had seen what the groom had told Trout had appeared to the servants—the foreboding spectre of Tantallon. His health was somewhat frail, and he slept somewhat badly, but he heard no sound in his room till he saw the appearance standing not many feet from his bed. Spell-bound, he gazed upon it, and, like Jonathan Trout, seemed presently to see another face under the long black hair.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he asked.

"To warn you," was the answer; not in the terrible tones which had so frightened the thief in the lonely church, but in a gentle voice which rang familiarly on his ear.

"Warn me! Of what?"

"Of danger to your child."

"To Clara?"

"Yes; ere long she will be exposed before the world, her crimes discovered, her shame proclaimed. Would you have her stand alone in such a time of trial?"

"Shame! Crimes! She is guilty of none."

"Guilty of many! Add murder to the list, and it will be complete. Ten years ago your daughter's hand sent a man, whose only sin had been loving her too much, to death in the waters of yonder pool. It is running dry—let her beware!"

"Running dry!"

"Aye."

The Baronet could bear this terror no longer, and sprang from his bed to seize his nocturnal visitor; too late—man or spirit, the intruder was gone, and nothing was to be seen but the dim light of the night-lamp and the shadows which it cast. In vain he searched, there was no trace of any one having entered; the door was locked as he left it, and he sank back on his bed exhausted, physically and mentally, by what had passed. Thus his valet found him at 4 o'clock in the morning, to his no small alarm, and received orders to prepare for an immediate journey to London. He surmised that his master had seen something, from the disconnected words which fell from him, and when he heard of Jonathan Trout's visit, and the story he told, he went straight to his master and gathered from his blanched face and trembling voice, that his surmise was correct.

"Where is the man?" the baronet asked, "Send him here."

"He is gone, Sir Hugh."

"Gone!"

"Yes."

And what was more, he could not be found; no one seemed to know where he had gone to, and Sir Hugh, before the day was over and the time came for him to depart, had plenty to think of.

It was true that Dosmerry pool, whose waters were always up to the brim of grey land and greyer rock which encircled it, was, or appeared to be, running dry; the black surface was from some unexplained cause sinking lower and lower, till the people said it would soon be empty. The weather had been stormy, and Tregeagle's howlings had been more melancholy than ever since the unaccountable diminution of the water began, and all sorts of evil was prophesied to the house of Pendarvis thereby.

Clara's exaltation to be Countess of Galton had taken away the old name, her husband was no longer Gwynne Pendarvis, who was to reign there, but an earl, with a far finer, though not older heritage, and there was no son, first or second, to succeed to the old name. True, Sir Hugh had done what he could; he had devised his estates, which was unentailed, to the eldest daughter of the Countess, who was to take the name of Pendarvis, and bestow the same on the man she married, as her mother had done before her. But the old gipsy prophecy had come about, and it seemed as if the link between the name and the land would bring nought but sorrow with it. Sir Hugh paced the library with weary feet on that eventful day thinkg of all this with an aching head and a sad heart.

"Running dry," he said to himself. "What matters it? It can reveal nothing, though every drop of water drain out and leave the bottom (if it has one) bare. Over ten years the secret has been kept in its dark depths, it cannot speak it now."

He was sadly worn and aged, from the handsome man he had been on his daughter's wedding day; his hair was silvery white, and thin on the temples, and his upright figure was bowed with trouble more than years.

"It is well I am going out of all this," he ruminated. "If I am away, nothing will be suspected; if I were here I might betray myself and her."

The groom spoke truly when he said that the postman had not been at Tantallon for two days; but that afternoon brought Sir Hugh a letter. It was from his son-in-law, the Earl, and seemed to to be written in great distress of mind. It was short and almost incoherent in its hurry:—

LONDON, Aug. 29th, 18—.

DEAR SIR—If you can come to town instantly, without losing a moment. Clara is seriously ill; I anticipate the worst. In her delicate state, we have been cautioned against the slightest agitation, but unfortunately, a letter she has this morning received has thrown her into a fearful state, almost amounting to frenzy. She has been delirous all day, and keeps shrieking to those about her to save her from something, we cannot understand what. Bretton is the only person who seems to comprehend what she means, and she is almost sullenly silent in the matter. I fear I am incoherent, but I am racked with dreadful doubts and anxiety. If you can throw any light on the matter, I implore you to come at once and relieve her mind. I enclose the letter, which I can only look upon as the production of a madman. The child Clara wrote to you about is behaving very well; though there seems to be some odd mystery about her. Do not lose an instant, but come. Yours, in great distress, GALTON.

Sir Hugh Pendarvis, Bart., Tantallon, Cornwall.

A dirty slip of paper was enclosed, on which was written in a sprawling hand:—

MY LADY COUNTESS.—The secret of Dosmerry Pool, and what you hid there ten years ago, will soon be disclosed. Murder will out. This is written by a well wisher who would not see an old name brought to dishonor, nor a lady stand in the felon's dock. Fly and save yourself while there is yet time. Ere many days the police will be seeking for the murderer of one who lies rotting there. Be warned in time; not all your jewels—not all your fine friends can save you now! ONE WHO KNOWS ALL.

Sir Hugh put his hands to his head.

"All discovered—all known!" he murmured. "Oh, my poor girl, what will be the end?"

Then he rang the bell and dispatched a note to Mr. Mervyn, which brought his old friend to him in a very short time.

"Mervyn, I'm going to town," he said, "Clara is ill. Will you do something for me while I am away?"

"Surely, anything. But what is the matter—what has happened?"

"I don't know—don't ask me—my brain is reeling with a terrible dread; my girl is in danger and, Mervyn, this pool is sinking!"

"So I hear," Mr. Mervyn replied, wondering whether his friend were not a little touched in his head.

"Watch for me while I am away, and it anything is found there telegraph from Plymouth."

"Surely I will, but——"

"No buts, I can explain nothing; promise me."

"I will do whatever you ask."

With the night train Sir Hugh Pendarvis was speeding, as fast as speed could take him, to London, and at the same hour Jonathan Trout, forgetting his fear of ghosts, was watching the sinking waters of Dosmerry Pool with eager eyes, to see what its dark depths might reveal when laid bare.

CHAPTER XXII.

"O'er covered quite with dead men's rattling bones."
SHAKESPEARE.

Although the sinking of Dosmerry pool was known and commented upon in the Tantallon household, it was not as yet a matter of public comment. The place was visited by curious folk in the day time, but in the night Tregeagle might play what pranks he chose, no one would venture near his own peculiar domains. Explanations of the singular phenomenon was impossible, but the waters did sink slowly and surely for a time, and rose again as strangely without visible cause. Mr. Mervyn did his friend's bidding through the first day after his departure, and mixed among the loiterers on the moor. Among them he saw Jonathan Trout, and remembering his capacity for evil, he resolved to watch him as well as the pool. Wending his way homeward, he came upon him lying under the shadow of a grey stone, and muttering to himself:—

"I saw something," he heard him say, "I'll have it this very night, though all the Tregeagles and ghosts in Cornwall try to hinder me; if I find what I think, lock out my lady countess. Ha! ha!"

It was something new for the good old clergyman to play the spy, but darkness found him hiding like a thief as near as he could get to the Beetle Rock. The moon shone clear and full, and it seemed to him that sticking among the stones not far from the present surface of the water something glistened.

"What can it be?" he asked himself, peering cautiously over the edge of the pool, but just then a tread broke the stillness, and the man he was waiting for came slowly up. Mr. Mervyn drew back his head and watched, and this is what he saw.

He saw Jonathan Trout, after a careful survey of ways and means, take off his clothes and plunge headlong into the pool. He swam like a fish or an otter, and this was the easiest way of getting at what he wanted. The water splashed about him in brilliant sparkles, but still the thing in the bank glistened like fire, and he paddled himself close to it like one used to silent work in the water. Mr. Mervyn looked over the edge and listened. He saw Trout pull what looked like a glittering chain of fire from among the stones of the side, then paddle about silently for a minute, as if looking for a place to climb up, for the banks were singularly perpendicular. Then he heard him mutter:—

"Foothold, by heaven!" and after a moment he stood straight up and reached about for a hold to help him to dry land.

Then, in a moment, the clergyman saw him in the bright moonlight, his face all distorted with a spasm of agony, and with a howl that woke the echoes for miles round, he plunged once more into deep water. Believing him to be in a fit, the clergyman started up and ran round to the side of the pool, towards which he was swimming. He heard him talking or rather groaning to himself as he swam, purposely as it seemed almost in a circle. He appeared to be totally beside himself with terror.

"Here! hi!" shouted Mr. Mervyn; "is it cramp man, or what?"

The swimmer looked up.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Mervyn, you should know me, Jonathan Trout, have you hurt yourself?"

"No."

"What is it then?"

"A dead man's bones, I got my feet among 'em; help me out, parson, for the love of heaven!"

"I've nothing but my stick, come over here and I'll try."

With some little exertion the getting out was accomplished, and Trout stood once more on *terra firma* with whatever he had taken from the pool in his mouth, but very white and shaky, for all that.

"I was after no harm, Mr. Mervyn," he said, when he had once more dressed himself. "If I hadn't got it some one else would, but I found more than I bargained for, ugh!"

"It must have been fancy."

"It wasn't; I felt the whole body- at least the bones; my feet went right among 'em,"

And very sick he looked at the recollection of what he had felt.

"What is that you have got, Trout?"

"Something as more nor me would like to get hold of; I'm going to restore it to the rightful owner, on conditions——"

"Let me see it."

"*Only see it,* governor?"

"I will not touch it, you may take my word."

Trout spread it out upon his knee, and the rector saw something that made his heart leap—a necklace that he knew once belonged to Lady Pendarvis. It was a curious, old fashioned, Eastern looking ornament, made of small diamonds of great brilliancy, set in a foreign pattern, more than half an inch broad. The drop on the pendant was a monogram of twisted letters, an uncommon thing, then, though often seen now. He knew well that Clara had prized this trinket highly, as having belonged to her mother, and he had wondered she did not wear it.

"You know it?" Trout asked.

"I do."

"And wonder how it came there?"

"Yes."

"Shall I tell you?"

"If you can."

"My lady Galton gave it to a man the night before she was married, to buy his silence,"

"A man?"

"Yes."

Somehow or other, the clergyman felt he was hearing the truth, and his lips turned very white.

"What man?"

"Her husband."

"You lie, Jonathan Trout, this is all a trumped up tale for some purpose of your own."

"Go to London; ask her ladyship. She will not dare to look you in the face and deny it. Shall I go on and tell you who the man was?"

"If you can."

"Tom Blight, her father's groom."

"Now I know that you lie!" Mr. Mervyn said, catching him by the collar. "Tom Blight, whatever his connection with that unhappy girl (and there was some mystery between them, I know), died long before that night. Why, half the country saw him lie dead."

"Thought they did sir; take your hand from my neck, Mr. Mervyn, I'm speaking the truth if I never speak again. Sir Hugh knows it—others know it besides me. He wasn't killed when they thought he was, and to save herself from shame and ruin, my lady met him here the night before she was married—gave him her jewels and pushed him into the water afterwards."

"I cannot—will not believe it."

"I had my feet among his bones, just now; if the pool sinks much more you'll soon see them. If you did not suspect anything, parson, what were you doing here?"

"I was watching you."

"And the pool!—I watched you yesterday, and you were full of anxiety as well as curiosity; what did you expect to see?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Mervyn, unguardedly, so upset was he by what the man said to him that he scarce knew what he was doing.

"Sir Hugh asked me."

"He asked you to watch what would come of the pool's drying up! You may believe my tale, now, sir, for he knows what is there as well I do."

Still Mr. Mervyn was incredulous; truth to tell, he was bewildered and frightened, as the truth of what Trout said presented itself to his mind so vividly. Recalling all that had happened at the time of Clara's marriage, the curious interruption, the strange statement by Widow Blight on the night of her death, that she had seen her son—the money that was left by the supposed ghost. All these things, and a hundred other trivial circumstances seemed to rush through his mind at once, with a startling clearness that could not be gainsaid. The sky, and the dark pool, and the rugged rocks around him, seemed to whirl and swell in a confused mass for a moment or two, and he reeled like a drunken man.

"Pull yourself together, governor," said his strange companion, "come and see for yourself, that I've spoke the truth; the moon's full on yonder Beetle Rock, and the water's clear. I tell you all that's left of Tom Blight lies rotting there in front of it."

"There he is," said Trout, "the man as my lady murdered more than ten years ago. I wouldn't make nor meddle in it, parson, if I were you; there'll be mischief and fuss enough without your interference."

The clergyman knelt down upon the Beetle Rock, and peered long and anxiously into the water; could it be that that ghastly bleaching skeleton was in reality all that remained of Sir Hugh's saucy groom, and that Clara Pendarvis, the child of his dead love, had actually sent him to his death, as this man declared? He seemed fascinated by the terrible object, every moment seemed to bring it nearer to the surface.

"Trout," he said; without raising his head, "Trout, I think you are wrong, this body——"

He raised his head to look for his late companion, but Jonathan Trout was gone. No sign of him was to be seen, he had silently made off with his booty, and was out of sight and hearing, at least of such eyes and ears as Mr. Mervyn's. That gentleman scrambled to his feet in sick horror.

"Alone here, and with *that!*" he murmured, in affright. "What is to be done? what shall I do?"

"Hadn't you better go home, sir?"

The voice seemed to come from the air, anywhere, for aught he could tell, and he looked round in perplexity.

"I didn't mean to startle you, sir, it's only me, John Timbs, at your service," and a man stepped out from the shadow of the stone; "I had a hint there was something more than ordinary here, and I came to see it it was anything in my way."

"No, it isn't, it isn't!" grasped the clergyman, forgetting the tremendous accusation of Jonathan Trout. "I assure you, policeman——"

"Hush, Mr. Mervyn," replied the man, in a low voice, "I'm not in uniform, I want to keep dark, I do."

"Well, never mind, I assure you I was only talking to——"

"One of the greatest scoundrels unhung. He's given me the slip, curse him, and carried off the evidence with him."

"Evidence?"

"Yes, the diamonds my Lady Galton gave away ten years ago; rather awkward, isn't it, sir?"

"Good heavens, then you have heard——"

"Everything."

"Where were you?"

"Yonder, in the shadow of the stone; not six paces from you. I heard what I have suspected a long time, that my lady had more to do with Tom Blight than was becoming her station, but I heard for the first time that he did not die when he was supposed to be killed. Go home, Mr. Mervyn; that blackguard counselled well when he bade you neither make nor meddle in this matter. What is to be done is no work for you."

"But Sir Hugh, his daughter, you will not blazon what you have heard, will you?"

"I would not hurt Sir Hugh Pendarvis for the world," the man replied, "but these bones cannot lie here unmarked; they must be carried away; if the pool had not sunk the secret would perhaps not have been discovered, but murder will out, even though a lady has planned and executed the deed."

Mr. Mervyn groaned aloud, thinking bitterly of his old friend's sorrow when all this should come to light.

"Go home, sir," said the man, quietly, "I must stay here; I won't do more than I am obliged in the matter; though 'twould be certain promotion," he added, *sotto voce*, "and a reward, besides."

The good clergyman stumbled homewards, heavy with his load of anxiety and care, and at the gate of the Tantallon plantation, where Bretton had seen the ghost, met one of his own servants, with some of Sir Hugh's household, who were seeking him in alarm.

"Thank heaven you are come, sir," the man said, respectfully. "We were sadly frightened."

"I am quite safe, only tired," he replied. "I will stay at Tantallon till the morning."

They made him up a bed, and he went to his room, but not to sleep. The morning broke and the sun rose and flooded all the hills and sea with light and found him pacing the spacious room, and thinking—thinking sadly and wearily how he should word the terrible message he must send to his absent friend.

MISS VIRGINIA BUCHANAN, Leading Juvenile Actress.

For Biographical Sketch see Page 324.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"The eyes desert the naked skull,
The mouldering flesh the bone,
Till Helen's lilly arms entwine
A ghastly skeleton."
SCOTT.

With the full light of morning Mr. Mervyn was again beside the weird, unholy looking pool, which had sunk till its banks displayed a grim wall of grey cold rock. Not a trace of vegetation could be seen; no water lilies and aquatic plants such as love the shade and coolness of still water in lonely places, nothing but the hard, barren rocks. The water was as clear as ever, but seemed of unfathomable depth in its silent blackness, but the stone underneath the rock was dry, and what the two men had seen on the preceding night was fully revealed now. A ghastly hideous object it looked in the broad light of day; the flesh all gone from the blanched bones, and the fleshless skull staring grimly up to the fair blue sky as if in mockery of the eyesight once dwelling there. A few people, their numbers increasing every moment, were loitering about wondering and John Timbs was watching there, watching for something as it seemed.

"There's no mistake now, sir," he said, as the clergyman came up.

"None."

"You'd be better away, Mr. Mervyn. You would, indeed."

"I could not stay away- what are you going to do?"

"Some of our men will be here directly and the superintendent; they'll bring some sort of a box and some ropes to get it up."

"You have not said anything?"

"No, sir."

"And why not?"

"Can't say what I shall have to do; I won't if I can help it."

Through the increasing crowd came a couple of men bearing a long box slung on poles. The people made way for them in silence. To every one present there seemed to be something more in the affair than the finding of a dead man's bones, some fearful mystery seemed to hang over the discovery. The most courageous of the officials volunteered (prompted thereto by the offer of a reward) to go down for the blackest bones, and amid a death like silence they adjusted a rope for him, and lowered the box to the surface of the water. The bones came apart at his touch and one by one he laid them in the box. Suddenly a thought struck John Timbs.

"The truth'll be easy known, sir," he said to Mr. Mervyn.

"How?"

"If that's Jim Blight, he wants a finger joint on the right hand. Hullo mate!"

"Hullo!"

"Take care you don't let none on 'em slip, they're evidence, them finger bones are. Mind what you are about!"

The caution came too late, the man's foot slipped. But for the rope he would have fallen into the water, but he displaced part of the fleshless skeleton and some of the bones fell with a splash into the depths of the pool. The superintendent uttered a very unbusiness like oath as he saw what had happened.

"The right hand of course," he said. "There's a pretty piece of evidence gone out of reach. You clumsy blockhead!"

"It's slippery," the man replied. "There that's the hull on 'em, and the next time you want such a job done you may do it yourselves for me. May be this'll help if you want evidence as well as his fingers."

"What is it?"

"Haul up and I'll tell you; there's nothing more here."

Slowly and gently they raised the box and its horrible burden, and laid it on the ground; then the man, fast clutching something in his hand.

"It's gold, I think," he said, putting a tarnished something into the superintendent's hand, "but it's black with lying in the water, and *I* know *this* if no one else does."

The crowd of idlers whom curiosity had drawn to the moor, pressed round to look and talk, but the officer waved them back.

"Mr. Mervyn," he said, "we'd better get to Tantallon; I'd like to be out of the way of these," indicating the people with his hand, "before I show you what I've got; besides *that*," pointing to the box, "had best be put out of sight as soon as possible."

"The keeper's hut outside the gate, yonder, has been empty a long time, will that do? Two of your men could watch it, could they not?"

"If they will, sir. I think though they'd almost lose their places first."

But money is omnipotent, and the rotting bones were deposited in the empty hut with two policemen on guard, and the idle folk staring at them silently as though they expected some wonderful sight to reveal itself from behind the shut door and dirt stained windows. Mr. Mervyn and the officer went on to Tantallon House, and were shown into the library, where the servants served them with breakfast. Mr. Mervyn was always to them as their master, and was served with the same affectionate respect. He was sick and faint this morning and could eat nothing, though he drank a cup of tea with feverish eagerness. The superintendent made a good breakfast, swallowing the unaccustomed viands with the gust of a hungry man, and one not a whit affected by business of any sort.

"There's nothing like it, sir; if a man don't take his food he can't do his work mentally or bodily, the one's just as hard as the other; I'm often as fagged puzzling out a case as a laborer after a hard day's work. You'd better try a chop, sir, it'll help you through it wonderfully."

"I couldn't, thank you; if you have finished, show me what you have there. I must telegraph at once to Sir Hugh."

"Ah, I heard he was anxious to know all about it; he'd better have stayed at home. This is a black looking business, Mr. Mervyn."

He pushed away his plate so as to clear a space on the table cloth, and laid what he had in his pocket on the table.

"This is a queer piece of evidence, this is," he said, gravely wiping it carefully with his handkerchief. "This is the sort of thing that wont rot in water, nor this."

Mr. Mervyn took the discolored articles in his hands and groaned aloud. He knew one of them well, as he had known the sparkling diamonds Jonathan Trout had drawn from the edge of the pool. It was a very small watch with a short filagree chain not longer than a gentleman's albert, which Sir Hugh had bought in Switzerland for Clara. It was an uncommon ornament at that time, and she had been not a little proud, in her girlish way, of her trinket. The name and a seal with the same, cut in a piece of jasper, was attached to the chain. The other was a more convincing proof still; it was the bottom of a drinking flask, made of silver, with Tom Blight's name cut upon it, in still visible letters. The policeman was right in saying he remembered it; the ex-groom had been very proud of it, as a present from his master in his days of favor, and had been wont to parade it on every possible occasion. The jeweler in Liskeard had cut his name on the side of it, and often got him friendly caution about taking care of it He had done so it seemed, even to death.

"What is to be done?" the good clergyman groaned, his hands shaking as it with an ague fit.

"You know then?"

"I do."

"It looks black, sir; you see it isn't my lady being my lady, that has kept us quiet all these years, but the want of proof. We had no proof that Tom Blight didn't die when they said he did; we know Miss Pendarvis went out to meet a man on the night before her wedding, and we know all about Bretton's ravings, and Lady Alice's fright, but we had nothing we could take hold of. No one went amissing that we heard of."

"You know all this! How?"

"We have a way of putting things together, sir, that outsiders don't see into. When we get a bit of evidence we store it up till we get a bit more as fit's it, and we put them in bit by bit, till we get at it all. I've been piecing this many a year over this affair; I've got it pretty well together now."

"And what shall you do?"

"My duty, sir; I must, there's no help for it. I'd rather cut my right hand off, but it must be done."

"And arrest the daughter of Sir Hugh Pendarvis for murder?"

"I'd almost as liet arrest by own girl, as is waiting for me at home, Mr. Mervyn, but it must be done; look here, sir, it's as black a case as can be. My mau heard what that rascal, Trout, said to you last night; it was his bounden duty to tell me, and he did. It's only between us two as yet, but people are beginning to whisper. There's been some evil tongue at work. I mistrust Jonathan Trout; he's got off now, but his time will come some day, and things are looking bad."

"But it can be hushed up—these meddling tongues can surely be stopped—they must, they shall!"

"If it was anything but murder—the word must be spoken, sir," and I am sorry for it—but being what it is, it can't be hushed up. Look here, a young lady is going to be married, and she suddenly finds that there's a—well, an obstacle in the way, that some one has a hold on her, and she must get rid of him. Well, she meets this party in a lone place in the dead of night, and when she finds bribery don't answer, she knocks him over the head with a stone and tumbles him into a pool. There's no suspicion, because the man is believed to be dead already, but things keep cropping up, and being took note of from year to year, till suddenly, one day, the pool sinks, as if heaven meant the secret shouldn't be kept no longer and lets it all out."

"It does, indeed, seem like the hand of heaven!"

"It'll be a hard thing for Sir Hugh to have to tell the world that his daughter murdered his groom, because he stood between her and the husband of her choice. The marriage will all have to come out now."

"But when—*how* were they married? I guessed at too great intimacy, but I never imagined such a height of folly as that."

"They were married at Dowlais by a poor lad of a curate, as is dead and gone now. The entry is there all right. I saw it myself only three days since. Sir Hugh had better come home at once. Mr. Mervyn."

"I will ride to Plymouth, and telegraph; I shall go faster than any servant, and I pray heaven what I may say will give her a hint to escape."

"I could stop that by telegraphing to Scotland Yard, sir," the officer said, respectfully, "but I won't do it. Make haste with your telegram; mine will go with the usual police speed; yours will be in London hours before it."

"Thank you," said the clergyman, taking his companion's hand, "heaven will reward you for your goodness."

Fast as a horse could take him, Mr. Mervyn rode into Plymouth. It was barely eleven o'clock when he reached the station, and in a few minutes his message was speeding along the wires to his friend in London. It was short, and mysterious to the clerks, but fatally significant to the recipient:—

"A corpse and some trinkets. Come home at once. Do not delay an hour. Be warned."

Then, when he had fed and rested his horse he rode back again, making a *detour* of two or three miles to take Dowlais on his route. The clergyman was at home now, and welcomed him cordially.

"Why, Mervyn," he said, "you look fatigued to death! What is all this nonsense I hear about Dosmerry pool and skeletons? What have your astute police been bringing to light from there."

"An awful horror, Crampton; I can't talk about it now; I want to see your registers—the marriages?"

"Surely, but wont you take something first?"

"I couldn't; a crumb would choke me. Come with me to the church if you will, I want to look for a marriage eleven years ago."

Mr. Crampton complied without delay, and they were soon in the vestry where Jonathan Trout had been so terribly scared, searching through the list of marriages. The search was in vain, no such names as those he wanted were there; no Clara Pendarvis nor Tom Blight, and he put the book down with a feeling of confused bewilderment.

"I must be going out of my mind," he said, with a sigh, "there is no such entry."

"Was it one of mine?"

"No, one of that poor young fellow's, who is gone. I fancy you were away at the time."

"Ah, then, I know where about it is; he married a friend of mine at the time; let me see."

But Mr. Crampton was not more successful than his friend had been.

"This book has been tampered with," he said, gravely, "there is a whole leaf gone. The entry I allude to is not there, either, and I seem to miss another or two as well."

In vain was any questioning of the clerk or the sexton—the old man could tell nothing but the story of the corpse candles and the cut window, but when he spoke of Jonathan Trout, Mr. Mervyn saw light in the confusion.

"That is the thief," he said, "he has possessed himself of the secret and stolen the leaf. Don't look so puzzled, Crampton, it is a secret and a grave one, but I am afeard it will soon be out. Trout must be caught."

He little guessed that Trout's knowledge had been made valueless to him by the interposition of a more powerful will than his own, or that the plans of every one, and those of the police especially, were about to be frustrated in a manner at once marvellous and unexpected.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTROSPECTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The sadness that comes
When the Life's work is done,
And memory floats over the river,
That flows 'twixt to-day
And the Past, far away.
Is the sadness for joys gone forever;
The hopes are not bright,
The heart's not so green,
There are feelings that Time cannot sever—
The darkness of night
Slowly gathers between,
Our hearts and the days gone forever

On, on, through the world
We go, moving so fast,
Deeply draining the chalice of pleasure,
And swift whirling feet,
Keeping time to the beat
Of low music, tread gaily the measure;
But visions of youth
Are as fleeting as fair,
They will fade at the breath of the Giver;
Then worship the Truth,
And we mortals will share
Eternity's joys gained forever.

FELIX QUILP.

"OUD ON DER FLY."—NO. 16.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY GOFTY GOOFT.

Vat did I told you? Didn'd I told you so? I knowed id vood be der gradest ding in der skabe of a hall dot dis county ever seed. Dere is no use in dalking, Sharley, ven der "old gendleman" makes up he's mind effery von else must dook a back sead. I dell you, us fellers va "send der old ding bang ub" ven ve cud loose, und nopody mused dry to bead us. Yes, sir, der hall of der Amerigus Club vas der finest for eferyding, bar noding, dot efer dooked blace here or anyvere else. I dell you you ought habe been dere—id vas immense. In der first blace dey had der Academy of Moosic und Firing Hall, mit a pridge ofer der shdreet conneding der dwo togedder, und dem blaces nefer vas fixed ub so since der Lord made liddle abbles. Der Academy vas von blaze of lighds, und flowers, und singing birds, und moosic, und biedures und Amerigus fellers, mit deir brass coads und blue buddons, mit gold on der shleefs, und vite vests, und glofes, und neck dies, und blue breeches, mit gold shdribes down der sides und deir gold badges like dis von on my vest; und deir nice handsome goot looking ladies all dressed ub in sadins und silks und diamonds und leedle bieces of gold und silfer und broken glass und flour all ofer deir vaterfalls—oh id vas doo grand a ding for me to dry and dold you boud. Den ofer in Firing Hall dey had foundains of cologne vater blaying vay ub to der ceiling und making eferyding shmell lully, und dey had four bands of moosic, und dat vas going all der dime. So soon dat von band vood god dired und shdop der oder vood commence to begin. You nefer seened anyding like id on your life—I'm delling you. Der ladies dey vas oud in all deir loafyneasness, und of dey didn'd look good enuff to ead den I don'd know vat I'm dalking aboud. Der "Boss" Senador Tweed vas dere, "habby like a big son flower," mit his $18,000 badge on, enjoying himself like eferyding, und so broud of his boys as a farder is of his family. Misder Tweed is der President, und of you vas to dook him oud of der Glub, dere voodn'd be anyding left of id. Efery lady ven she comed in der ball vas handed a maggnificend bunch of flowers, und of you cood saw dem vommens dooking care of dem daffydowndillys und dem goorooniums und dings, to dook home to remember der ball mit, dot vood exdonish you. My, my, how careful dey vas for fraid dot dey vood got mussed. I cuess may be dot vas on cound dot Misder Tweed gifed dem. Commissioner Henry Shmidt, der vice bresident, vas done ub regardless of oxbense, und venefer he vood vent by der ladies vood all say, kinder easy, "Aind he nice?" Den dere vas Owen Brennan, Commisshioner of Sharidies und Correchsbions, und his broder, Sheriff Matthew T. Brennan, und Judge Johnny Scott. Den dere vas Rub-herdown Jim Miller, und Benny Van Arsdale, und Billy Donley, und Jim McGregor, und Bill Shaffer from der Bowery, und Keddie Ed Mannier, mit his bardner in der Unit, O'Brien. Und dere vas Lew Kirk, McGarigal, Frank Vanderbeck, Divvey, Larry Clancy, Chaplain, Frank Kinney, Jo. Southworth, Bettsy, Judge Shandley und his brother Mike, Geo. But, Chris. Shafer, Walter Roche, Pete Braisted, subtain of der "Blues," "Efer of Dou" Ed. Bassford, Andy Garvey, Coroner Pat Keenan, Fad Jo Shannon, Shed Shook, Billy Chariock, Harry Hueiat mitoud a cigar in his moud, Charles G. Gornell, Johnny Pickford, Eugene Durnin, Johnny Ford, Ed. Haggerty, Judge Hogan, Morgan Jones, Ed. Kearney, Major Jo Young, Cornele Corson, Jo Jackson, A. D. Barber, Ed. Jones, Sharley Fleming, Jacob Sharp, Sheriff O'Brien, Andrew Hickley und his son young Andrew, Tommy Donahue, Eddy Caddy, Commodore Vanderbild McGowan, John McSafe Davidson, Colonel Jimmy Ingersoll, Billy Rogers, Senador Woodward, Sol Sayles, der goot looking butcher, Bill Dewey und he's goot looking broder Foster, Dan Berrian, Jimmy Ryan, Broder Isaac J. Oliver, der andor of "A nudder Year;" John Pentland, Dave Miller, Sharley Lawrence, Harry Felter, John Chamberlain, Jimmy Boyle, Chris O'Connor, Kuseman Von Elten (dree sheers) Danny Winants, Commissioner Aleck Frear, Colonel Jim Fiak, Jay Gould, Kirkpatrick, Sharley Loew, der Goundy Clerk, Tom Fields, Alderman George Mitchell, John Pyne, Jimmy Gumbletan, Tom Ferris, Captain Jones, John Garvey, James L. Harway, Doodor Carnochan, Alderman Jim Barker, W. Burrows, Henry A. Barnum, Schuyler Halsey, James S. Watson, Sturtevant, Jim Collier, der ardor, Henry Buchu Hembold, George Osgood, John Boyce, Frank McCabe, John Harnett, Judge Jim Coulter, Judge George Barnard, Colonel Gus Funk, Pete Trainer, Dooder Wm. Schirmer, Adolph E. Georgi, Judge Jo Koen, Bill Van Tassell, Alderman Terry Farley, und a few oders dot I don'd dink just now. Dem names of I named all belongs to der Glup—all high brifades, mit der excebshions of der "Boss" und Commisshioner Schmidt. Propably der bead dressed memper in der dwo rooms, mit der excebshionof der badge, vas Sharley Hall, der Sec

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1871.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets,
Box 3,360 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

R. Y. C., Providence, R. I.—1. A hand is four inches. 2. The measure is from the ground to the top of the withers. 3. In pools, the privilege of taking first choice of horses in the race is sold by auction to the highest bidder, then second, third and fourth choice, until the list of horses entered is exhausted; each buyer depositing in the pool auctioneer's hands the money he gave for choice of horses. The party who bought the winner takes the entire pool, after deducting auctioneer's commission.

A NEW READER, Boston.—1. Yes. 2. Coburn defeated Mike McCoole and Harry Gribbin, and fought a draw with Ed. Price, 150 rounds, 3 hours and 20 minutes. 3. We have never published it yet, but probably will be in a couple of weeks. 4. We do not know anything about him further than that he pays for his advertisements promptly. 5. Yes, you can procure a copy by forwarding $3 to Ed. James, whose card will be found among our advertisements.

COAL HEAVER.—A party betting that he *will* perform anything on a future day, without if or proviso, and failing to accomplish it, no matter what interferes, loses. He should not be so ready to stake a wager on anything that involves circumstances that he may not be able to control, without making a reservation to that effect at the time of making the bet. A therefore lost by not carting the coal on the day specified.

J. F. W., Ottawa, Ont.—1. The dealer (A) could not go it alone after his partner (B) assisted. 2. R. betting that he had a horse that would trot a mile in three minutes three months from date, or any time in that period, was entitled to as many trials as he chose within said three months. *Any* time involves neither *specific* nor *every* time.

W. F., Marietta, Pa.—"At a raffle recently A had one and B had three chances. A threw 45, and B threw the same number twice. In what manner are A and B to determine the result?".....Two-thirds of what was raffled for belonged to B, and one-third to A, which proportion was agreed upon by mutual consent before the dice would throw again for the whole, by B having two chances and A one.

"BLAIR," Hollidaysburg, Pa.—"C holds the deuce and trois points in A's table at backgammon. A throws deuce-six. A contends that he is compelled to play only a deuce and not a six. C contends that he must play deuce-six. Which is right?'.....C is right. Whatever numbers are thrown on the dice must be played where it is possible.

J. P., Rowmansville.—There is no work upon that subject exclusively that we can recommend. You had better procure "Physical Exercises," which contains treatises on training for athletic exercises of different kinds. You can obtain a copy by enclosing $2.50 to Ed. James, whose card appears among our advertisements.

E. A., Elkhart, Ind.—A party being divorced in one state can get married in another without making himself amenable to the law; but if in the same state he is liable to action for contempt of court, the penalty for which would be according to the ruling of said court.

AMERICAN, St. Louis, Mo.—1. Jenny Lind was never mobbed in this country, although threats in many cities were obstructed by crowds of people anxious to get a look at her. 2. The words of the song, "Red, White and Blue," are American, but the music is an old English air.

J. W. D., Camden, N. Y.—1. Tom King beat Truckle, Young Broome and Jim Mace, and was beaten by the latter, before he fought and defeated Heenan. He has not fought since. 2. We do not.

OSCAR B.—At cribbage, if A plays a deuce, B a tray, A an ace, B a four, A a tray and B a deuce, A is entitled to three points for a sequence, and B to ten points for two sequences and a fifteen; to which one point should be added if the last deuce is the last card.

W. D. M., Boston.—Much money has frequently been spent to bribe voters in parliamentary elections in Great Britain, and this, with other expenses, has probably amounted to £2,000 in some instances, but of course no one can say for certain that it was so.

N. E. D., Chicago, Ill.—Your check hence was not preserved, and it will be necessary for you to send us a duplicate. We don't make any charge for publishing it if a deposit is sent on, to be covered by the party accepting.

J. C., Setterville, Pa.—The Fourth avenue line of cars, running from the Astor House through Centre street, Bowery, and so on up to the Harlem R. R. depot on Fourth avenue, was the first in this city. We know of none earlier in any other street of the kind.

OLD MAN BOOOTHER.—Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1821; Edwin Booth was born near Baltimore, Md., 1833, and John Wilkes Booth was born near Baltimore, Md., in 1838.

OLD HIX, Cleveland, O.—1. In playing four-handed euchre, if your partner assists, you cannot play alone. 2. Laurence Barrett is a star, having just closed a series of engagements. 3. Ristori is the actress.

MISS ADA—R.—1 and 2. The lady was born in Chatham, Eng., in 1828. 3. Mr. E. P. Stetson is probably engaged at the Bowery Theatre. 4. We cannot give you the age of George France.

A. Mr. E. T. Stetson was born Oct. 8th, 1836.

T. J. B.—1. The greatest lift on record was made by W. B. Curtis, of this city, viz:—3,000lbs., in harness. 2. The longest standing jump is 12ft. 8½in., by Ed Searle; running, 29ft. 7in., by Jack Howard, Chester, Eng.

W. H. D. S., Baltimore, Md.—1. The theatre you mention is as good as any for the purpose, provided you can make the engagement. 2. To have a story dramatized in four acts would cost you from $200 to $2,000, according to the reputation of the dramatist.

G. W. W. and A. A., Mechanicsburgh, Ill.—1. The highest recorded jump is 12ft. 8½in., made at Chicago, Ill. He cleared 12ft. 11½in. in his match with Searles, July 30th, 1870, but, as he lost, it does not go upon the record.

SAWDUST SALAD, Jerseyville, Ill.—The match having resulted in a tie, it was optional with the principals to shoot off or draw the stakes; consequently Johnson was justified in acting as he did. The referee had nothing to do with it.

INQUIRER, New York.—1. Unless agreed upon before commencing play, a straight flush does not beat four aces, but only counts as a flush. 2. The party playing alone and getting euchred loses two points.

GEORGE, Springfield.—The seating capacity of the Stadt Theatre, in New York city, is 3,013. The Boston Theatre, Boston, Mass., will at present seat 2,936 persons. The Stadt Theatre is the largest in the country.

E. T., Trenton, N. J.—1. The seating capacity of the Academy of Music, this city, is 2,265. 2. Bradley and Rankin fought at Point Albino, Canada, July 4th, 1857. 3. Tom Allen arrived in New York from England, July 21st, 1867.

AN OLD SPORT, Albany, N. Y.—1. He resides in this city, and is in comfortable circumstances. 2. A letter in care of this office will reach him.

JAS. ANDERSON.—The longest standing jump on record is 13 feet 6¾ inches, by Ned Searles, at Utica, in his match with Charles Loomis, last year.

J. W. R., St. Louis, Mo.—1. D not having been set back, and having but one to go, went out first, as the point for high is taken first. 2. Three aces.

PIGOT.—It is a more difficult task than you imagine, and not very remunerative at the commencement. You had better take your friends' advice.

HARRY N., St. Louis, Mo.—At the draw game of dominoes the player may draw as many pieces as he pleases, regardless of whether he can play or not.

HARRY MONTGOMERY.—1. No, they are different persons. Patrick Fitzgerald is the proper name of "Johnny Wild," the runner. 2. They are not related to each other.

EUCHRE.—By going it alone and taking all the tricks you are entitled to four points. If you don't make three tricks it is a euchre, and your opponents are entitled to two points.

BAY STATE.—Trump or follow suit is the rule at forty-fives; so by playing a small trump instead of following suit the player was not guilty of a "renig."

J. E. M.—The cards having been bunched by mutual agreement, and A having gone out by turning up Jack, it follows that B takes the next deal.

J. G. S.—You will find it very difficult, for a person of your age, to get a position in a stock company as an actor. You had better try something else.

CONSTANT READER, Woodstown, N. J.—"A bets B he can kill more pigeons out of ten than B can, and both kill eight. Which wins?"—B.

NORRIS HEELER, Wright's Corners.—There is no work published on heeling and fighting chickens. For the rules of cock fighting enclose 25 cents to this office.

HOME RAN, Washington.—Have a clear understanding of your bet, whether the best recorded time or the best made under any circumstances; we will then answer your query.

A. H. H., Stillwater, Minn.—1. We cannot give the lady's address. 2. You could not win. If there was a medical the hand should have been played over.

R. M.—1. Deaf Burke arrived in New York in 1834, and returned to England in the early part of 1838. 2. Billy Edwards was born at West Birmingham, Eng., in 1844.

SUBSCRIBER, Galveston.—Address Benjamin Pike, No. 518 Broadway, this city.

F. PHILLIPS.—Jim Mace was never in this country previous to his present visit.

W. A., New Albany, Ind.—We cannot state his proper weight at present. A letter addressed in our care will reach him.

A constant New Yorker.—A pigeon, when announced his "quart" B should have said "not good" if he held a similar quart.

M. K., Massillon, O.—It was in this city, at Mace's saloon, 69 West Twenty-third street, where the difficulty occurred.

G. H.—Edwin Forrest was born in Monroe street, Philadelphia, Pa., March 9th, 1806.

MINGO, Titusville, Pa.—Fresh and reliable items of general interest are always acceptable.

PARSONS.—We know of no prominent place in that county by name.

M. B. C., Kansas City, Mo.—Neither. They both command about the same terms.

GERTRUDE, W., Boston.—Your good opinion of the CLIPPER appreciated, and compliments of the season reciprocated.

J. C., Augusta, N. Y.—Jas. O'Neil, of Troy, was defeated by Fitzpatrick, $1,000, 65r., 4h. 30m., Dec. 4th, 1860, in Maine.

M. J. B., Attica, N. Y.—The dealer cannot play a lone hand when his partner assists.

GEO. W., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—B's euchre put C and D out first and all the same time; consequently they won the rifle between them.

WILKINS, Wilkinsburg, Pa.—You can order the compositions of Stephen Foster through any music store.

W. H. T., Troy.—If you address a letter to Mr. P. T. Barnum, as Wood's Museum, New York city, it will reach him.

WILLIAM, Providence, R. I.—Minstrels change from black to white in two minutes or less by washing their face with soap and water.

THOS. B., Shelbyville, Mo.—1. J. W. Conad, in our opinion. 2. No record.

OUR FRIEND, Quincy.—Edwin Booth was married to Miss McVicker, at Long Branch, N. J., June 7th, 1869.

TRUNK.—Wash them in warm water in which muriate of ammonia has been dissolved, 1 oz. to the gallon.

M., Woodstown.—C, being the oldest hand, or next the dealer, goes out first.

J. O., Rondout.—B cannot pick up the two deuces he had set aside and throw again.

JOHN S.—The elder hand, or the party next to the left of the dealer, calls for the "turn up" in cribbage.

GUS, St. Louis, Mo.—B could not play a lone hand after A, his partner, had assisted.

W. W., Fairhaven, Mass.—Governor Hoffman has been the candidate for that office twice, having been both times elected.

CONSTANT READER.—John Morrissey was born at Templemore, County Tipperary, Ireland.

ROY, Roy Station, Wis.—The Jack counts, in seven-up, as soon and as often as it is turned up.

J. W., St. George.—Youatt's work on "The Horse" is the best on the subject.

A READER, Charlestown, Mass.—Two ounces can be claimed either way in a match.

IVY GREEN, Louisville, Ky.—We have a regular correspondent in your city.

C. C., San Antonio, Texas.—Received, and will be published at an early day.

F. M. P., Titusville, Pa.—Not having a record of the event we are unable to reply.

ALF. N., Titusville, Pa.—By reference to our dramatic columns you will see that we already have a correspondent there.

J. H. B., Malden, Mass.—Thank you. Received and appreciated.

W. BLAKE, West Troy, N. Y.—We have no record of the event.

C. E. M.—A nine, six, four and two aces count six at cribbage.

LOST LOVE, St. Louis, Mo.—Joseph Pisu died Oct. 10th, 1870.

THIRD AVENUE.—Go to some bookstore or news agency; go!

J. B. B., Boston, Mass.—It is not of sufficient importance.

G. L., Buffalo.—Chess is the most scientific game of any.

MOSS AARONS, Cambridgeport.—Yes, at Providence, R. I.

BIG, Utica.—Items of general interest will be acceptable.

THOROUGH, Jonesville.—Thank you; it is a good take off.

R. P., Newburg, N. Y.—In 4min. 2sec., pari down hill.

S. D. D., Springfield, Mass.—Not that we are aware of.

LARRY AND MAC.—He was born at Bologne, France.

A SPORT, Chicago.—B is correct in each instance.

FRANK J., Philadelphia, Pa.—We have no copy of it.

ROB ROY.—We can let you have a copy of that date

A. P. B., Janesville, Wis.—See answer to O. L. A.

A. W., Philadelphia.—He is an English Glazier.

Wm. G., Philadelphia.—Respectfully declined.

MIGNONNE.—Received, and will soon appear

HARRY M. S.—You don't state your locality.

TYRO, Buffalo.—Letter received. All right.

C. B. GRIFFE.—Your letter is to hand.

QUAILS, St. Paul, Minn.—No.

PHILO FARNUP.—Declined.

SPORTSMAN.—A won.

IT IS NOT TRUE that Horace Greeley is to follow up his work, "What I Know about Farming," by another on the subject entitled "What I Know about Fighting." Although he may have succeeded with the former, he can never expect to make a hit with the latter.

THE THEATRES.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON being over, and Santa Claus and New Year's day having met with the usual attention, the metropolis is fairly settling down once more, and our in-door amusements are again coming into favor. Although we have, perhaps, more theatres, minstrel halls, etc., than the city can very well support, yet we believe there are few places that are not doing tolerably well. In the way of dramatic entertainments, we have tried the legitimate, the sensational, the pantomimical, the burlesque, the comic opera, the melodramatic, and the spectacular, and of all these the great hit of the season was reserved for the "Black Crook," which, in its rejuvenation, is meeting with the most liberal patronage, and the management of Niblo's is deserving of this favorable notice from the public, for Mr. Palmer has left nothing undone, has spared no expense, in placing this great show piece on the stage; and this was considerable of a risk, as many persons were under the impression that all vitality in the "Crook" had died out with its withdrawal from the boards of Niblo's after its most extraordinary run under the direction of Manager William Wheatley. Clothed as it is, however, in its new and costly attire, with fresh faces and legs in its large *corps* of dancers, and numerous improvements in the cast and general mounting of the play, the revival of the "Crook," in its early stages, gives promise of a lengthy and profitable season. Mr. Fox and his pantomime have also come in for favorable mention, the Olympic being well rewarded for the outlay incurred in getting up these holiday performances. "Wee Willie Winkie" is now in its fourth month. Mr. Jefferson has just closed an engagement at Booth's Theatre, "Rip Van Winkle" being the only piece presented. In the early part of the engagement the business was most excellent. He is succeeded this week by Mr. Booth and "Richelieu." During Mr. Jefferson's appearances at this establishment, Mr. Booth fulfilled a number of starring engagements through the country, but he did not meet with the success which had been anticipated, in some places the business being quite moderate. Mr. B. does not seem destined to secure the same hold upon the favor of the public which his father possessed, there being more of Mr. Edwin Booth seen than of the character intended to be represented. Mr. Daly has not been very fortunate this season with his productions until "Saratoga" was presented, which has achieved a genuine success, and will probably attract large audiences for some time to come. We are very glad to record this change of fortune in favor of the cosy Fifth Avenue Theatre, for Manager Daly is a hard working man, ever on the alert for novelties with which to entertain his audiences, and never failing to produce them in the highest style of artistic and scenic excellence. The other houses, Wallack's, the Grand Opera, Wood's, etc., have presented many attractive plays the present season, and fresh ones are in rehearsal at nearly all of them. The holidays over, and our country cousins returned to those places whence they came, the many indoor resorts must stand or fall upon their merits. Competition is spirited, but while some few managers are rather close in their expenditures, the majority are liberal, and ever ready to risk heavily in presenting their plays in proper shape, and it is this latter class who will, in the end, show the best balance; for that business manager who takes such pleasure in lopping off a dollar here, a dollar there, and a little whenever an opportunity occurs—the little people and supernumeraries of the establishment being the main sufferers—will find his economical policy a losing one in the end, for if there is anything in the conduct of a theatre that the public despise it is that mean, niggardly spirit which prompts the manager to give the people mock turtle while he is charging them for the genuine article.

"REV. MR. SABINE," who refused the use of his church in New York for the funeral ceremonies of the late George Holland, the actor, is going the rounds of the press from one end of the country to the other, and the manner in which he is being divested of his livery, and excoriated on his bare bones, might seem, to those unacquainted with the cause of this public rising and outburst of indignation, like another "Rape of the Sabines." The "Church of the Atonement," in which this man officiates, has not as yet made any atonement for the sins of its pastor, neither has his salary been raised, which goes to show that the flock is divided on the question of their pastor's "mistake." Meanwhile, the "Little church round the corner," which Mr. Sabine has unintentionally brought so prominently into notice, is flourishing like a big sunflower, while its worthy and Christian-like pastor is meeting with congratulations on all sides. Truly may it be said of our erring brother Sabine, that "The way of the transgressor is hard."

IN CONVERSATION there are some new rules which require attention. Young ladies are not allowed to use the expression "Wha' say?" more than twice in each sentence, and "Says she!" not more than once. "Yer know" should be used but seldom, and "I want to know" not at all. Young ladies in conversation with young men are requested, as a matter of morality, not to allude to their tight-fitting pants or loose habits.

ALL RIGHT.—Brother Beecher, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has had his salary raised from twelve to twenty thousand dollars. It is a comfortable thing to be a preacher of the Beecher persuasion, but he is deserving of it all, for he is a liberal-minded Christian, and doesn't believe that laughter or sport will consign a man to eternal perdition. That's why the boys like Brother Beecher.

WANTED TO FIND—A man who can pass a bale of hay or a bundle of straw without grabbing a wisp and transferring it to his mouth. Also, a man that can pass the men engaged in laying the Nicholson pavement without stopping at least five minutes to satisfy himself as to the origin, process, durability, cost, etc., of the thing in question.

THE FIRST ANNUAL RECEPTION of the Barton Lodge No 3 of the Knights of Pythias is announced to take place on Jan. 20th, at Lyric Hall, Sixth avenue, and is expected to be an event of considerable *eclat*.

A YOUNG MAN, anxious to try the effect of a hammer on a percussion cap, a few days ago, had an eye put out by the flying particles. This is an eye-tem of melancholy interest.

MISS REAM'S STATUE of Mr. Lincoln was exhibited last week to a select circle in Washington. An admirer of Miss *Ream in-quires* whether we are to have a similar show in New York.

A TELEGRAM from London says "Ice impedes navigation in the Thames." Ice impedes navigation at other places than the Thames.

A NEW STABLE in Boston was "dedicated" a few nights ago by a ball being held in it. "Reserved seats in stalls" extra.

THE "NO NAME SOCIAL CLUB" are to enjoy their first annual ball at the New York Casino in East Houston st., on the 12th inst.

AQUATICS.

YACHTING NOTES.—The campaign of 1871 will witness the initial performance of a number of new yachts, while it is expected that others which have gained fame in the past will become yet more celebrated through increased speed caused by the alterations now being made. A new schooner is being constructed for Franklin A. Osgood, at Philadelphia, where there is likewise a sloop on the stocks for Ludlow Livingston, formerly owner of the White Cap.....James Lennox, of Gowanus, L. I., is building a sloop, 43 ft. long, 15 ft. 6 in. beam, 6 ft. deep, for J. W. Rich..... Poillon & Son have commenced building a sloop, 61 ft. long, 19 ft. beam, and 6 ft. 3 in. deep, for J. R. Maxwell.....Mr. McGowan, of Harlem, is constructing a sloop at the foot of 124th street, E. R., and Mr. McClehan, of the Bayonne Club, is at work on one in Newark Bay.....Ed. Harvey will have a new schooner, 60 ft. long and 17 ft. beam, completed 'ere long .....Com. Kidd, of the Brooklyn Club, is having the Alice lengthened ten feet by having a new bow, which, besides enhancing the beauty of her model, is expected to add to her speed.....Considerable alteration has been made in the Madeline, Com. Jacob Voorhies' crack yacht. Her bow has been lengthened twelve feet, and she has been tipped three feet. Her topmasts have also been increased 10 feet, and she will be rigged with a full suit of larger sails.....W. H. Langley's fast sailing sloop, the Addie V., is likewise being materially altered, a new stern being the main improvement.....A new bow is being placed on the schoonor Lois by her new owner, Mr. Munson, of Greenport..... A model of a schooner, on entirely new lines, is now being made by Robert Fish, to the order of Mr. Nichols.

THE RECENT ANGLO-CANADIAN MATCH.—AN ELEGIANT TESTIMONIAL.—From a late issue of the Newcastle (Eng.) *Chronicle* we extract the following:—

A beautifully illuminated address, designed and executed by Messrs. Carter & Co., law stationers, Newcastle, is now on view at the shop of Messrs. Hay & Son, Grainger street. The recipients of this handsome testimonial are Colonel and Mrs. Parish, of New York, United states, and the donors are Mr. James Wilkinson, of Newcastle, and Mr. Joseph Newton, of Gateshead. It will be remembered that the latter gentlemen were out to Canada with the True crew upon their late successful trip to Lochine. After the decision of the match with the St. John men, Messrs. Wilkinson and Newton journeyed to New York, where they enjoyed the princely hospitality of the lady and gentleman whose good offices they took desire to acknowledge. Col. Parish was for a long time resident in Newcastle, but left this town for the States about twenty years ago.

Mr. Newton visited Pittsburgh during his stay in the States and was most hospitably entertained while there by the Hamill brothers and others, Jimmy accompanying him a considerable distance of the journey back to New York.

GULICK BOAT CLUB.—The annual meeting of this metropolitan club was held on the 3d inst., when the following gentlemen were chosen officers for the ensuing year:—M. Norton, president; John Kelly, vice president; W. H. Innett, corresponding secretary; George L. Devoe, recording secretary; George Schultz, treasurer; H. Truax, captain; Tim Shea, E. A. Dater, W. E. Marrener, Delegates to the H. A. R. A.; John Haviland, F. Reed and C. Schultz, Trustees.

COM. ASHBURY intends presenting the cup won in the ocean race between the Cambria and Dauntless to the Harwick Yacht Club, to be competed for by the yachts of England, Ireland and France.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

MARSH, Dr. J. Rhea.—Of Pennsylvania, and one of the most distinguished surgeons of his day. Dr. Barton was born in Lancaster county, in that state, in 1798. After receiving his medical education at the University of Pennsylvania, from which he graduated with high honors, he established himself in Philadelphia, and speedily built up a large and lucrative practice, his remarkable skill as a surgeon causing him to be applied to in the most difficult cases. He deceased, twenty-five years ago, having accumulated a large fortune, but was, however, frequently consulted in difficult surgical cases; his sound judgment always being highly valued by the other members of the profession. His surgical writings are highly esteemed by the medical profession, and many of the standard medical works contain references to the operations performed by him. Died of pneumonia, after a short illness, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 1st, aged 73.

GLEASON, Col. James.—An ex-Volunteer officer. Col. Gleason, prior to the war, was a resident of Philadelphia, but afterwards removed to Washington, where he became an officer of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was subsequently commissioned as Captain and A. Q. M. After the war he was mustered out of service, and of late years he has been extensively engaged in the wood and coal business—Georgetown, Washington, D. C., Dec. 28th.

GRAY, the Hon. James W.—Well known as the Master in Equity, under the old order of things in South Carolina, and one of its most influential citizens of Charleston. Mr. Gray was born in North Carolina towards the end of the last century, had lived in Charleston ever since he attained manhood, and had filled many positions of trust—Charleston, S. C., Dec. 29th, aged 76.

LUMPKIN, The Hon Wilson.—The subject of this sketch was born on January 14th, 1783, in Pittsylvania county, Va. He received only an ordinary English education and studied law while working as a copying clerk in his father's office. Having commenced the practice of his profession in Georgia, he, soon after arriving at the age of twenty-one, was elected member of the Georgia Legislature, and occupied that position for several years. He was also elected Governor of Georgia and served for two terms, was appointed by President Monroe in 1823 the commissioner to run the boundary line between Georgia and Florida, and was appointed by President Jackson one of the commissioners under the Cherokee treaty of 1835. Subsequently he became a member of the Board of Public Works of Georgia; was representative from that state in Congress from 1815 to 1827, from 1831 to 1833, and was United States Senator from 1837 to 1841—Athens, Ga., Dec. 29th, aged 87.

MORINO, Marshall.—Of the Austrian army. Served in the war against Sardinia in 1848, and acquired distinction in the hostilities against France in 1859. He commanded a brigade of the Fifth Army Corps in the Austro-Italian war of 1866, and took part in the victory of Custozza. After the battle of Koniggratz and subsequently sold on his share in the ownership of that journal to his partner and started the *Mail*, which was, to some extent, a rival sheet. When the *Mail* was well agoing he left that and for a short time published a one penny morning paper, which survived only a few numbers. His next venture was in Minnesota, where he was connected for a time with one of the St. Paul journals, and, afterward, started a literary paper of the same name. This also failed to be a success. His next found acting in the capacity of literary editor of the Chicago *Times*. His assiduous labors in journalism, and the almost continual disappointment which attended them greatly impaired his health and he was obliged to seek relief in a southern climate—Pilatka, Fla., Jan. 1st, aged 30.

NELSON, William—An old shipping merchant, of the firm of William Nelson & Sons, died in 1870, in Dublin, Ireland, and began life as a cotton merchant in Liverpool. Fortune did not befriend him, however, and having become involved, came to this city in 1835 and entered business as a shipowner and commission merchant in the house of Silas Holmes & Company, in Old Slip. He subsequently became the chief owner of Holmes' line of packets between New York and New Orleans. One of his first actions when in prosperity was to repay, with interest, the debt he had incurred in Liverpool. In 1861 he retired from business—Died suddenly, Ravenswood, L. I., Jan. 3d, aged 72.

PRIM, General Don Juan—The deceased Count de Reus, Marquis de los Castillejos, Marshal Duke de Tetuan, Captain General of the Spanish Armies, and Regent of Spain, was born at Reus, in the province of Catalonia, Spain, on the 6th of December, 1814. He joined the army of Don Carlos, and followed the accession of Isabella II to the Spanish throne, in 1833, and was made a colonel a few years after. When the unfortunate queen fled the country he distinguished himself by his opposition to the Espartero Regency. Being accused of complicity in the Saragossa insurrection in 1842, he transferred himself to France and attached himself to the queen, mother, laboring diligently in behalf of restoration. Returning to Spain in 1843, as a Deputy from Barcelona for Barcelona, he joined a coalition between the Christians and the Progressistas against Espartero, and headed an insurrection in his native town of Reus. After the downfall of Espart ro he was made a grandee of the queen mother, and was appointed for a while acted as Governor of Madrid. Being sent into Barcelona to suppress an insurrection, he abused his power in such a way as to keep Catalona in revolt for an entire year. For this he was disgraced. The late Turkish war of 1853 brought him into public notice again. He joined the Ottoman army and distinguished himself. Once more in Spain, he was called to represent Barcelona in the Lower Chamber of the Cortes, and afterwards made Senator. He figured in the Morocco war in 1859, '60, and in '61 was sent as commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces sent into Mexico to demand redress for the outrages committed on the subjects of the colossus of Spain, England, France and Spain, under the treaty of London. He had some Spanish and French troops and a battalion of British marines, but after arriving at Vera Cruz discovered with his colleagues that they would have to fight, about this time he visited New York. Upon his return to Spain, in 1866, he attempted an overthrow of the government, but the insurrection was soon suppressed. He tried it again in 1869, with no better success. After the addiction of Isabella he was proclaimed War Minister. From that time to this he has virtually directed the government of Spain, and it was through his efforts that the Duke of Aosta was brought to the throne. He died at the effect of wounds inflicted upon him at the hands of Carlist assassins, in the Calle Alcala, Thursday, Dec. 29th, 1870, while on his way from the Cortes to his quarters in a carriage. No less than eight balls were fired into him—Madrid, Spain, Dec. 30d inst, aged 36.

PRENTICE, MADAM of Boston.—She died on the spot of her birth, and where she had always lived; was a constant attendant at the New South Church for more than seventy years, and though she had attended funerals or weddings in three other churches, never listened to a discourse except from the pulpit of the church of her parents—Boston, Mass., Jan. 1st., aged 87.

REYNOLDS, ELIZABETH.—Died at her residence, 1009 Fresbyterian Church, at Twenty-second and Walnut streets, Philadelphia. She worshipped with the congregation at the time they occupied the old church building at Third and Arch streets, and was a native of that city. At the time of the yellow fever she was actively engaged as a volunteer nurse among the sick and dying in the hospitals of the city. During the prevalence of this epedimic her husband took the fever and died. After the interment, she resumed her efforts in behalf of the suffering. Up to last week she retained to a remarkable degree all her mental faculties, and appeared to take pleasure in relating anecdotes repecting the Revolutionary war, and referring to conversations with Gen. Washington and other distinguished men of that period—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 30th, aged 95.

SWEETSER, Charles E.—A young journalist, whose experience for the past six or eight years was somewhat remarkable for its bright promise without fulfilment. He was born in Boston, received his education at Amherst College, Mass., and, after graduation, was connected for a time with the Springfield *Republican*. He afterward came to this city and started the *Round Table*, a weekly literary paper, which he since has been merged in the *Citizen*. When the *Round Table* had become fully established, Mr. Sweetser sold out his interest in it and commenced the publication of a two cent evening paper, called the *Gazette*. He subsequently sold out his share in the ownership of that journal to his partner and started the *Mail*, which was, to some extent, a rival sheet. When the *Mail* was well agoing he left that and for a short time published a one penny morning paper, which survived only a few numbers. His next venture was in Minnesota, where he was connected for a time with one of the St. Paul journals, and, afterward, started a literary paper of the same name. This also failed to be a success. His next found acting in the capacity of literary editor of the Chicago *Times*. His assiduous labors in journalism, and the almost continual disappointment which attended them greatly impaired his health and he was obliged to seek relief in a southern climate—Pilatka, Fla., Jan. 1st, aged 30.

BASE BALL.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP ON ICE.—A grand match on ice—the first for several years past—is announced to take place on the Capitoline Pond on Wednesday, Jan. 11th, at 2 P. M., provided that the ice is in skating condition. The contesting tens will be selected from the Mutual and Atlantic clubs. The match is the first of a series for the championship in base ball on ice, and will be quite interesting. Playing base ball on skates differs from the field game in many respects, the form of the bases and the method of running them being different, besides which the bound catch of fair balls is allowed, and the close of the even five innings terminates the game, unless the score is a tie. The ordinary rules governing the pitchers and strikers too are not so strictly enforced as in the field game, the impossibility of maintaining a secure foot hold on skates rendering the operation of pitching and batting rather difficult. In running the bases in a game on the ice on skates all that is necessary for the base runner to do is to cross the line of the position, after which he cannot be put out until he has returned to the base and again leaves it. In order, too, to make the succeeding base he must touch the base starting from the base he leaves as well as the line of the base he runs for. The base lines are laid down on the ice so as to enclose a space of three feet square, each line being marked at right angles with the base lines from base to base and three feet each side thereof. This space forms the base, and within this space the base player must have some part of his person when he holds the ball, in order to put a player out. The base runner makes his base if he *crosses the line of the base* before being touched, or before the ball is held on the base. After hitting a ball on which the batsman can only make one base, he should start from the home base so as to turn to the right as shown by line A in crossing the lines of the base, to which he must return; but in cases where his hit entitles him to two or more bases then he should start so as so turn to the left. Until he has returned and occupied a base after crossing the line in making it, he cannot be put out. Ten men play on each side, the tenth player taking a position at "right short."

BASE BALL NOTES.—Rob. Ferguson informs us that he has joined the Mutual Club, and been elected the Captain of their nine for 1871. Joe Start is now a Mutual player also, and Charley Smith is likely to be. The new nine, or rather eight of them, will be as follows:—C. Mills, c.; Wolters, p.; Start, 1st b.; Ferguson, 2d b.; Smith, 3d b.; Hatfield, l. f.; Eggler, c. f.; and Paterson r. f. A short stop is wanting. This will be an exceedingly strong team. We presume Martin will be retained as tenth man, with Swandell as another assistant. Both are valuable men, whose services the Mutuals can ill afford to allow another club to secure.....E. Mills will probably play first base for the Washington Olympics, for which position, too, Pike is a candidate. The latter's playing record for 1870 ranks with the best.....Packer and Bevins have resigned from the Star Club. There are two fine players at command, we presume. Packer is a first class base player, and hits hard at the bat. Bevins, too, is a fine player. He would just be the man to play second base for the Mutuals. This would allow Ferguson to occupy his home position at short field.....Radcliffe has signed papers to play with the Athletics, and, knowing this fact, no club should make any further effort to secure his services. Schafer has gone to Boston to play in Harry Wright's nine.....Manager Foley has been in town lately, looking up candidates for the Chicago nine of 1871.....President Mills, of the Washington Olympics, is evidently the right man in the right place. He is rapidly organizing a splendid nine for the campaign of 1871..... Malone, McBride, Fisler, Reach, Radcliffe and Sensenderfer have all signed contracts with the Athletics for 1871. Cuthbert will be added to the list. He only signed papers conditionally at Chicago. Cuthe is not the man to do anything that is not on the square. Tracy will stay in Chicago. He is too valuable a man to lose.....Berry and Bechtel will not be in the Athletic nine this year, and Pratt goes back to cricket with an excellent reputation as an honorable base ball player.....It is reported that Megary has backed out of his Haymaker agreement. We do not credit the story for Megary has made his name in the Haymaker nine, and he would be foolish to leave that club. He and McMullen played finely together last season..... Chapman, of the Atlantics, talks of going to Troy. Schofield is evidently working up a fine nine. Craver will play at short field, where he is more effective even than as catcher. None of the charges against him have been proven and as for the action of the late so-called "National" Convention, that was of no account, as it was in violation of the Constitution of the Association.

THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP QUESTION.—The Judiciary Committee of the Junior National Association, who seem to know how to attend to the interests of the junior fraternity better than brethren of the senior organization, met on the 23d ult. to investigate the charges made by the Fly Away Club, of New York, against the Putnams, of Troy, in relation to the claim of the former for the silver ball and the championship. On January 6th the committee met again and rendered their decision in the case, and by a unanimous vote declared the Fly Away Club entitled to the silver ball and the championship, in consequence of the action of the Putnams in refusing to afford the Fly Aways an opportunity to win the trophy in a fair game last Thanksgiving day. Wm. H. Kelly appeared as counsel for the Fly Away Club, and T. E. Leary for the Putnams.

ATWATER, the late substitute pitcher of the Red Stockings, has engaged for next season with the Chicago Club

SKATING.

THE SKATING CONGRESS OF 1871.—We are glad to announce that a movement is on foot looking to the assembling of another congress of the skating fraternity similar to that those convened at Pittsburgh in February, 1866, and in Rochester, N. Y., in March, 1869. A revision of the rules of the first skating congress governing contests for the congress champion medal is necessary, experience having shown that the existing code is not only too lengthy to make it attractive to spectators, but unnecessarily extended for the object in view, which was to present a model test of a skater's skill. Instead of twenty-six distinct movements the code would be equally as effective with at least ten less. There is now too much repetition, besides which an undue importance is given to some movements which are merely preliminary exercises in practicing. One of this class, which is made quite a feature of skating contests, is the 13th exercise of the code known as "single dat foot spins, and double foot whirls." This, the totum business, is simply one of those preliminary exercises necessary to give the skater facility in circular movements. As an evolution itself it is not only ungraceful, and at times ridiculous, but it is something any ordinary skater can excel in without difficulty, with a little patience, while he may not be able to accomplish any other of the movements of the Congressional Club. Certainly this spinning top business should be removed from the list of feats to be accomplished by the candidate for the champion medal. The primary object should be *grace of action*. Next to this should come agility and dash. Nearly every expert skater has some one movement in which he excels especially, or which he alone can do. These should be fully described and enumerated in the list of those to be executed in champion contests. In the organization of a National Association, all that is necessary is to adopt a brief constitution and a code of rules governing skating contests and races on ice. As regards membership, let each club of the country send delegates, and let each annual convention be marked by a series of contests in the city where the convention is held.

THE SKATING CONGRESS CHAMPION MEDAL.—Now that there is a prospect of a match between Curtis and Swift for the championship and the diamond medal, it will not be inappropriate to remind our skating readers of the fact that the printed rules of the Congress provide that the medal shall be held against all comers, and that the holder of the medal shall skate any challenger at a fortnight's notice or forfeit the medal. To protect the champion skater against bogus challenges, however, the rules require that a deposit of $100 accompany the challenge, to be forfeited in case of non-appearance at the time appointed. The challenge, too, must be directed to Mr. R. G. Hervey, stakeholder of the Congress, whose duty it is to notify the champion that he is challenged. This rule Frank Swift has not yet complied with, and to this extent his challenge is not *en regle*. If Frank really means "business," we suggest that he at once send the challenge money, care of this office.

CURLING.—The first week of January was a busy one with the curlers of the metropolis and vicinity. On the 4th inst., the New York Club defeated the Caledon

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued on Page 327.

ing the decoration on the head of Madame Celeste amid the heartiest acclamations from every part of the house. At the conclusion of the performance she presented several of her old professional friends with mementoes of her regard at parting from them for a season. To Mrs. Alfred Mellon, diamond earrings; to Mr. Billington and a valuable locket, containing an exquisitely finished portrait of herself; to Mr. Billington, with the following inscription:—"To John Billington, Esq., from Madame Celeste, as a token of her esteem and regard."

AT SEVERAL OF THE THEATRES the entertainments prepared for the holidays were produced previous to "Boxing night," quite a departure from a time-honored custom. At the Strand, on Thursday evening, Dec. 22d, the burlesque "Coeur de Lion," was produced; and, on Dec. 24th, the Princess', Gaiety, Victoria, Sadler's Wells, Grecian, Royal Alfred, Oriental and East London theatres all produced their holiday attractions. There had been no change at any of the other theatres. The Strand burlesque is from the pen of Mr. J. Sircahan, an unknown author, in London. The story of the burlesque is as follows:—It opens with the departure of Richard Coeur de Lion and his troops for the Crusades, the scene representing the interior of a railway station of the twelfth century, and forming a burlesque upon the departure of volunteers for the Ashantee revies—the troops going off by tramway cars. Here are revealed the plots of the barons in the interest of Prince John, and the love of Sir Kenneth for Lady Edith Plantagenet. The second scene takes us to Palestine where the Sultan Saladin meets King Richard, and, after the powers of both have been tested by a double handed combat, a truce is entered into. Richard, suffering from the heat, has an attack of hydrophobia, and Saladin attends him in the disguise of a homeopathic doctor. In the third scene the Crusaders are represented in their encampment near Askelon, and the Austrian archduke asserts his independence in a comic, drunken fury. The result of the dissension is a break up of the camp, despite Richard's objections. The fourth scene introduces a little flirtation between the dowager Queen Eleanor and Robin Hood, after which the barons agree to confer the crown upon Prince John at the forthcoming tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. In the fifth scene, Richard is discovered in an Austrian dungeon, and the Archduke, having received an invitation to the coronation of Prince John, takes leave of his prisoner in a parody on German opera. On his departure, the minstrel Blondel's quartet party perform on vocal bagpipes and discover the caged King, who is rescued by means of a fire escape. The last scene represents the interior of Ashby, arranged as a fair, with aristocratic athletic sports. Here the Austrian archduke, after the style of Le Boeuf, challenges all comers to wrestle. King Richard, in disguise, accepts the challenge, and an "international wrestling match" comes off; after which the King reveals himself and stops the little plot of the barons. He then agrees to the union of the Scottish Prince David (Sir Kenneth) with Lady Edith, and is supposed to reign happily over his loving subjects. Astley's was announced to be opened on Dec. 26th under the management of Mr. John Baum, with a pantomime entitled "Harlequin Little Tom Toddleumdee and the Eleven Dancing Princesses; or, Deedle Deedle Dumplin and the Silver Frog." There were to be three clowns, three harlequins and three pantaloons. At the Oxley, Mr. Bantley, he made his last appearance on Dec. 23d, gave place on the 24th to Mr. J. L. Toole, who appeared in two plays. The first was announced as "a musical drama in three acts, called a 'Christmas Story,' the book by the late Charles Dickens, the drama by Mr. John Boucicault (Dot), and Cricket on the Hearth.—Ed). The other, "a new Japanese operatic extravaganza, by Alfred Thompson, the music by Herve, called 'Aladdin the Second.'" The Opera Comique was announced to re-opens on Dec. 26th, when the Scottish Reformers were to be inaugurated. The performance was to commence with the "Blue Devils," in which Messrs. Bell, Saunders, Stanley, and Miss Tilly Earl, were to appear; to be followed by a new drama founded upon the late Charles Dickens' story of "Our Mutual Friend," and entitled "Found Drowned; or, Our Mutual Friend," characters by George Fawcett Rowe, S. Emery, John Nelson, C. Warner, W. McIntyre, Edouin, Fredericks, Bell, Gr.-ville, Stanley, Mesdames Fawcett Rowe, Patti Josephs, Holstone, Manders, Tilly Earl and Miss Rose Lisle, concluding with the farce, "Nothing to Nurse," in which Messrs. R. Barker, Fredericks, Stanley, Miss Holstone and Miss Clara Stocks were to appear. The holiday announcements we published two weeks since.

MLLE. BEATRICE and her London "Frou-Frou" Company were announced to commence an engagement of six nights at the Theatre Royal, Limerick, Ireland, on Dec. 26th.

MISS JULIA DALY was announced to resume her performances after the holidays, commencing at Belfast, Ireland, on Jan. 9th, for six nights.

E. A. SOTHERN was to commence a twelve nights' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Belfast, Ireland, on Dec. 26th.

MR. RICHARD YOUNGE'S Comedy Company of London Artists was to commence an engagement of six nights at the Theatre Royal, Hanley, Eng., on Dec. 26th.

MR. FRANK HALL'S London Dramatic Company, playing the "Two Roses," was announced to commence an engagement of six nights at Keighley, Eng., on Dec. 26th.

ALL THE PROVINCIAL THEATRES, with one or two exceptions, were closed during the week ending Dec. 24th, in order to prepare for the holiday pantomimes.

Musical.

SAVERIO MERCADANTE, the composer, is dead. Such was the language of a cable telegram dated Florence, Italy, January 3d. He was born in Altamura, in the South of Italy, in 1793, and consequently at the time of his death, was in his 78d year. At the age of twelve he was matriculated at the musical college of Saint Sebastian, in Naples, where he learned to play the flute and violin, and soon thereafter became a leader of an orchestra. However, he was discharged by Zingarelli, and betook himself to musical composition. In 1819, at the San Carlo Theatre, in Naples, his first opera, "Apotheosis of Hercules," was produced, and, though now almost forgotten, was quite successful. In the same year he produced an *opera bufa* called "Violenza e Constanza," which was favorably received. In 1820 he gave to the public "Anacreon at Samos," which achieved a triumphant success, and the youthful composer appeared to be entering upon a career of great promise. His after productions, however, did not fulfil the predictions of his early years. In this same year, at Rome, he brought out "Il Geloso Raveduto" and "Scipio at Carthage," which were only moderately successful. In 1821, at Bouligne, he produced "Marie Stuart," which was a comparative failure. "Elisa e Claudio," his next production, which was represented at Milan, was quite successful, and is considered his best work. He went to Vienna in 1824, but receiving little encouragement there, he visited Spain, where he met with the same success and comparative failure that had attended his efforts for years in Italy. He visited Paris, France, in 1826, where he produced the "Brigands" at the Theatre Italien. Although such distinguished artists as Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini and Mme. Grisi were in the cast, it was a failure. In 1833 he was appointed Master of the Chapel at Novara, and in 1839 he became the director of the Conservatory at Naples, which position he held till his demise. Among his works, in addition to those already mentioned, are "Andronico Didone," "La Nitocri," "Zaira," "Statira," "La Violetta," "Il Pelagio," "I due Illustri Rivali" and "Il Giuramento." The latter is the only one of Mercadante's works which can be said to be known to the American public. He was the last of that splendid galaxy of Italian composers in which Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti and Pacini were the brightest stars. He was six years younger than Rossini, and his whole career seems to have been overshadowed by him. Bellini and Donizetti both flourished, wrote and died while Mercadante was pursuing his career. He had to compete with the greatest of modern operatic composers, and when they died or ceased to write, as was the case with Rossini, he had to confront the rising popularity of Verdi and Petrella; and it may be regarded as a proof of his genuine ability that, under circumstances like these, his works became known at all. His Masses have, perhaps, met with more general favor than his operas. In 1856 he was elected a foreign member of the Institute of France, and in 1826 he was decorated by King Victor Emmanuel with the order of Civil Merit which confers nobility—a recognition very rarely bestowed.

LISZT HAS RECENTLY COMPLETED a new composition consisting of a "Lament" and a "Triumph," which is called "Mosonyi's Grabgang."

MLLE. VERA TURIANOFF, a Russian pianist, has recently created a sensation in Berlin, Germany.

DR. GOSS, the tenor, has been singing in the "Postilion of Lonjumeau" at Leipsic, Germany.

MAURICE STRAKOSCH and family intend passing the winter in Rome, Italy.

MME PENCO, a prima donna, who was a great favorite in Paris, France, has recently been singing in Milan, Italy.

HERR WACHTEL, the tenor, who before the discovery of his musical talents and wonderful voice, was a hack driver, is pronounced by the Germans "the best coachman among singers and the best tenor among coachmen."

PISCHTI, professor of composition at the Conservatory in Milan, Italy, has recently arrived in London, Eng.

ACCORDING TO *Fun* a popular composer is about to publish a new song, "The Fisherman's Chorus," with a cast-a-net accompaniment.

MME. JEANNE POHL, the wife of Herr R. Pohl, a writer of music, died at Baden, Germany, on November 23d, 1870. She was formerly Mlle. Eyth, who enjoyed a high reputation as a harpist.

QUEEN VICTORIA has accepted the dedication of Mr. Benedict's oratorio, "St. Peter."

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED were announced to resume their performances at the Gallery of Illustration, London, on Dec. 26th.

IT IS ANNOUNCED that Mario will sing—positively for the last time—at Covent Garden, London, next season.

Variety Halls.

AT THE MUSIC HALLS IN LONDON, ENG., numerous attractions were in preparation for the holidays. The Alhambra, on its large and well apportioned stage, was to present a grand spectacular scenic effect, the invention of Mr Milano, called "Superba." In front of which some singing was to take place by Miss Susanna Cole, Miss Fanny Huddart and others. Other amusements, vocal, instrumental and acrobatic, were to be freely introduced. At the South London Palace, a new *ballet* was to be produced, entitled "Hyperion." The Canterbury, newly decorated, was to open on Dec. 26th, under the proprietorship of Mr. E. Villiers and the management of Mr. W. Holland. Here a new *ballet*, entitled "Versailles in the Olden Time," was to have been performed. The Metropolitan was to produce a *ballet*, called "Peace, Love and War," with the sisters Fay and Smithers. Mr. Morton, having been fortunate enough to secure a license, was to introduce to the Islington public the ballet of "Prince Love," written by Mr Vandervell. The celebrated "Chilperic" will once more appear, Miss Emily Soldene and Miss Russell resuming their original parts. At the Royal, the famous wire walker and Herr Trolet were to be included in the company. The comic and serio-comic element was to be well represented at the Sun, Sam Collins', the Marylebone, the Bedford and McDonald's, by Mr. George Leybourne, Henri Clarke the "Mad Butcher," Kate Bella, Mr. Read, Edgar Wilding, Lieutenant Cole and other well known artists. Mackney was to nightly appear, in addition to numerous other artists, at the Royal Cambridge. There has been dulness novelty at the Provincial Halls, the week before Christmas being considered an unusually dull one.

IN LIVERPOOL, ENG., the attractions at the various halls were as follows:—At the New Star Music Hall, Mr. George Leybourne, one of the best comics that visit the town had returned. With this exception the company is the same as last week. The selections were from Verdi's opera "Ernani." On Dec. 22d Mr. D. Saunders, the indefatigable manager, took his annual benefit, upon which occasion the band of the 100th Regiment appeared, in addition to the talent engaged at the hall, and several friends from other establishments. At the Rotunda Music Hall the new company comprised the names of Mr. Albert Brenner, a tenor singer; Miss Jenny Franklin, character vocalist; Mr. Harry Dales, negro comic; Miss Maud du Barry, serio comic; the Brothers Alberts, acrobats, and Madame Tresaillian, operatic. At the Adelphi Concert Hall a return visit from Fred. Richardson and Carrie Graham, burlesque and duologue artists; also Fred. Johnson and Kate Harding, burlesque comedians; the first appearance of Ned Cunningham, comic, and Professor Browne, the bicycle king. At the Alhambra Music Hall the new engagements here have been Messrs. Manning and Brown, negro comics; Young Juba, American comic, all first appearances, the re-engagement of Madame Gerrate and her performing dogs, and Professor Hoine, the champion swordsman. At the Oxford, Gambridge and Canno music halls, the only change in the programme was the re-appearance of Mr. Alfred Reanolf, baritone vocalist; the first appearance of Joe Boyle, comic, and the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Hibernian duettists. At the Mahakof Music Hall the new engagements have been Randall's troupe of Christy Minstrels, a re-engagement of Mr. and Mrs. John Emmett and their dog, the first appearance of Annie Smith, character vocalist, a re-appearance from the Sisters Hales and Mr. and Mrs. Hidyard, and a first appearance of Messrs. Leonard and Henderson, negro comics.

HARRY RICKARDS, comic, commenced an engagement at the Royal Amphitheatre, Leeds, Eng., on Dec. 24th.

Negro Minstrelsy.

THE CHERRY MINSTRELS were announced to give two performances daily during the week ending Dec. 31st, at St. James Hall, London, Eng.

SAM HAGUE'S SLAVE TROUPE of Georgia Minstrels, now in the seventh week of their sojourn at St. James Hall, Liverpool, Eng., have not exhausted public favor, the auditorium being nightly filled to its utmost capacity. The proprietor, keenly alive to the necessity of providing additional novelty during the week ending Dec. 24th, added to his troupe Mr. Frank Pierl, an excellent burlesque artist, and his imitations of Nilsson, Patti, Norman Neruda, etc., are nightly met with an enthusiastic encore. Messrs. Hardy and Whittington are also new names, and are remarkably clever.

THE QUEEN'S MINSTRELS were announced to perform in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, Eng., on Christmas eve, and during the succeeding week.

BERNARD'S AMERICAN STAR MINSTRELS were performing at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, Scotland, at our latest advices.

DAVE CARSON'S MINSTRELS closed a highly successful season at Lawrence Hall, Lahore, India, on Saturday, Nov. 5th, 1870.

Circuses.

AT THE HOLBORN AMPHITHEATER, London, Eng., an entire new company of artists were announced to appear during holiday week. The performing elephant, Papeta, and three comic mules, were to be added to the attractions, and Messrs. Sanger's Circus was to perform at the Agricultural Hall the "Blessings of Peace and the Horrors of War." At Sadelair and Oreuesie's Circus, an equestrian pantomime, "Ride-a-Cock-Horse," was to be produced.

AS THE PROVINCIAL ESTABLISHMENTS great preparations were being made for the holidays, although the specialties had not been made public.

AMUSEMENTS.

HARLEIGH,

CHARACTER SPECIALIST.

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BRASS AND STRING BAND,
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CHARLEY FISHER.

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Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.
I. R. LENT.....Director.
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WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2½.
EVERY NIGHT AT 8.
WILLIAM DUTTON
IN GRACEFUL HORSEMANSHIP.
CINDERELLA
OR, CINDERELLA'S
LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER
SIXTY LITTLE CHILDREN.
BAREBACK
HORSEMANSHIP.
ACCOMPLISHED FEATS
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OF THE ARENA.
THE ENTIRE CIRCUS TROUPE IN BRILLIANT ACTS. 41-1t

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IMMENSE HIT. GLORIOUS SUCCESS.
BILLY BIRCH, The
D. S. WAMBOLD, Burlesque Opera of
W. BERNARD, LES BRIGANDS.
CHARLEY BACKUS, The
BILLY WEST, CARBINIERS' MARCH TO HASH.
JOHNNY QUEEN, DUEL ON HORSEBACK.
ROLLIN HOWARD,
BILLY EMMETT, DELIGHTFUL PART SINGING.
J. P. OBERRIST, REAL FUN.
WM. DWYER, The
G. TEMPLETON, LITTLE FOLKS SCREAM.
Seats secured six days in advance. 41-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE,
514 BROADWAY, OPPOSITE THE ST. NICHOLAS.
BUTLER & GILMORE'S.....Managers.
MONS. LA THOENIE.....Stage Manager.
OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.
GRAND ACCESSION OF TALENT.
HUGHEY DOUGHERTY,
MISS MARTHA WEEN AND MR. JAS. COLLINS,
MISS CLARA VERNON,
THE FAMOUS LAURI TROUPE,
EIGHT IN NUMBER,
In their Great Comic Panomimne of
THE FIRE FIEND.
ALL THE OLD FAVORITES RETAINED.
ASHCROFT AND MORTON,
ARLINGTON, RATTLER, COES, STEWART, WAMBOLD.
THE MATCHLESS BALLET TROUPE
IN THE GRAND BALLET OF THE FAIRIES.
ALL THE TROUPE IN NEW ACTS.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY AFTERNOON. 41-1t

WOOD'S MUSEUM.
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
THE LAST GREAT SENSATION.
Farewell nights of the brilliant engagement of
THE LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE.
MONDAY, JANUARY 9, 1871, production of a grand spectacular burlesque extravaganza, in two acts, specially written for the troupe, and entitled
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON;
Or, THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM.
Supported by MISS LYDIA THOMPSON, and a most powerful and complete burlesque organization. Beautiful new Scenery, Charming Music, Elegant Dresses, Novel Effects, Startling Situations.
SEATS CAN BE SECURED TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE.
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Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.
The popular comedians, Mr. JOHNNY THOMPSON,
in the great sensational play,
ON HAND; OR, TRUE TO THE LAST. 41-1t

GLOBE THEATRE,
728 BROADWAY. AT LAST.
THE NEW SENSATION LOCAL DRAMA, ENTITLED,
NEW YORK AS IT WAS AND IS;
OR,
THE SKATING POND BY MOONLIGHT.
JOSH HART AS MOSE,
the New York Fireman.
Come and see the new
WILLIAM F. HOWE, ESQ.,
represented by a gentleman of the city.
100 PEOPLE ON SKATES.
Every scene new and original.
BARNEY AS THE BOOTBLACK.
RYAN AS SHRIMPS.
HART AS THE BIG.
ESSIE SUDLOW AS LIZE.
SEVEN NEW STARS APPEAR. MLLE. TURNOUR,
CENTRAL PARK SKATING POND BY MOONLIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 41-1t

LINA EDWIN'S THEATRE.
EVERY EVENING AT 8.
SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.
BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF THE NEW COMEDY,
KIND TO A FAULT.
KIND TO A FAULT.
KIND TO A FAULT.
To conclude with the ever popular Burlesque of
ALADDIN.
ALADDIN.
Mr. J. L. HALL.....As.....The Widow Twankey
SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 14TH,
COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO
MISS LINA EDWIN.
MONDAY, Jan. 16th, first appearance at this theatre of the popular artist, MR. FRANK DREW.

WALLACK'S.
EVERY EVENING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
Mr. T. W. Robertson's new play of
WAR.
WAR.
"The mounting of the piece is faultless and the scenery is an artistic triumph."—Herald.
Characters by
MR. JOHN BROUGHAM,
MR. JOHN GILBERT,
MR. CHARLES FISHER,
MR. GEORGE CLARKE,
MISS ADELAIDE HENRIQUES,
MISS HELEN TRACY,
MISS FOWLER,
MISS BLAISDELL,
MISS McCORMACK,
and others.
WAR MATINEE AT 1.30 P. M.,
SATURDAY, JAN. 14TH. 41-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
GRAND COMBINATION.
ANOTHER NEW DRAMA.
MR. EDWIN BLANCHARD, the great melo-dramatic actor, in THE DOG OF THE OLD TOLL HOUSE.
MR. BLANCHARD and his learned dog, CARLO.
New Scenery.
Friday evening, Benefit of MR. FRANK DREW.
Saturday evening, Benefit of MR. EDWIN BLANCHARD.
A NEW AND GORGEOUS PANTOMIME
has been in active preparation for several months. 41-1t

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EVERY NIGHT, THE AMUSING LOCAL COMEDY,
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY. SARATOGA. SARATOGA. SARATOGA.
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OPERA HOUSE,
THE WONDER OF THE WORLD,
THE LADY WITH THE IRON TEETH.
THE IRON LADY,
MLLE. GRACIE,
Who, hanging head downward in mid-air,
HOLDS IN HER TEETH
The intrepid gymnast,
HARRY CLARK,
Whirling around like a top, and performing the
MOST TERRIFIC AERIAL FEATS.
A new sensational and interesting drama, called
ALL OVER THE WORLD;
OR,
A LIFE FOR A LIFE.
TONY PASTOR'S NEW SONGS. HAGAN'S IRISH SONGS,
Johnny Wild, Frank Kerns, J. Cummings, and the Star Troupe, in
A NEW BILL.
GRAND MATINEES, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 41-1t

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
BRILLIANT AND ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION
OF THE
GRAND DRAMATIC SENSATION OF THE AGE.
THE THEATRE CROWDED
FROM PIT TO DOME
BY THE
FASHION AND BEAUTY OF THE CITY
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE
Will be presented
CHARLES BARRAS'S
CELEBRATED DRAMA OF
THE BLACK CROOK,
With entire NEW SCENERY, COSTUMES and MUSIC, and the
LARGEST GRAND BALLET CORPS
that ever appeared in America.
3 o'clock—CURTAIN RISES.
11 o'clock—The Dazzling Transformation Scene of the
PALACE OF DEW DROPS.
Curtain falls at 5 minutes after 11 o'clock. 41-1t

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ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME.
TUESDAY, JAN. 10th,
BARBE BLEUE.
MLLE. AIMEE AND M. GAUSINS.
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11th, AND FRIDAY, JAN. 13th,
LES BRIGANDS.
FIORELLA (in alternate acts), MMES. SILLY, AIMEE AND MONTALAND.
THURSDAY, JAN. 12th,
LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.
LA DUCHESSE (in alternate acts), MMES. SILLY AND MONTALAND.
SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2,
LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.
LA DUCHESSE.....MLLE. MONTALAND
FRITZ.....M. GIRREBEUK
SATURDAY EVENING AT 8,
MLLE. LEA SILLY will make her first appearance as
BOULOTTE IN BARBE BLEUE. 41-1t

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Lessee and Manager.....JAMES R. HAYES.
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FIFTEENTH WEEK.
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This popular Pantomime, the work of the greatest humorist of the age—Mr. George L. Fox—has been and still continues to attract THOUSANDS of Spectators at each representation.
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EVERY EVENING
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15TH WEEK, 10th TO 15th NIGHTS OF
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Third week of
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Fourth week of the great Original Sensation,
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Now performed by all the leading Minstrel Troupes.
FIRST WEEK OF "THE MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY." OFF TO CHICAGO, HUNGRY JAKE, WHO STOLE THE CHICKENS, &c.
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OF THE WORLD.
MILLIE
TURNOUR

This young lady is at present performing at the GLOBE THEATRE, Broadway, where she has created a furore of excitement.
The Public and Press are UNANIMOUS in their praises of this BEAUTIFUL, ACCOMPLISHED and GRACEFUL GYMNAST, whose performance on a single Trapeze is truly fascinating. Pronounced by all who have witnessed her performance, as having no equal. Will commence at Fox's New American Theatre, Philadelphia, Jan. 16th. All business communications to this lady must be addressed to her only authorized agents.
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WILSON'S

This Talented GYMNASTIC TRIO now playing at FOX'S NEW AMERICAN THEATRE, Chestnut street, Philadelphia, with UNBOUNDED SUCCESS, every act receiving a DOUBLE ENCORE. These artists appear at the HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Jan. 16th. Managers of theatres and first class traveling concerns will please address their only authorized agents.
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These VERSATILE WONDERS in their GREAT ACTS,
THE FLYING MEN,
in which they do a Flying Circuit of the Dome circuit, to a Single Rope thirty-two feet from the ACT ITSELF; and their Feats of Strength, lifting with teeth alone, a cask containing forty gallons of water, with a man sitting on it, three hundred and seventy pounds dead weight, from the stage.
Also a table with two men standing upon it, and an Original Double Ascension to the Dome of the Theatre, and other Feats of Pure Muscular Strength, by the Great Trapeze Horizontal Bar, Comic Brothers and Hoop Perch, in addition to the above. These artists are now playing at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, with immense success; open at the Theatre Comique, Baltimore, Jan. 16th. Managers will please address their only authorized agents.
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Two Premieres, four Secondes and sixteen Coryphees and twenty Ballet Ladies. Apply immediately to
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NOVELTIES and SPECIALTIES of all kinds for a BROADWAY THEATRE.
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LEOPOLD

Champion Male and Female Gymnasts, disengaged January 16th. For their Beautiful Gymnastic Act, concluding with Mademoiselle's terrific Original Leap. Proprietors of circuses, &c., please address GEORGE LEOPOLD, CLIPPER Office, or their agents.
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TO MANAGERS
OF CIRCUSES AND VARIETY HALLS.
As I am a friend to all Managers, I deem it my duty to inform them and others of JOHN JUDGE AND WIFE, who worked for me the past season in the concert along with Dr. Thayer's Circus. Although I consider them very poor performers, still I kept them until the season closed, according to contract, and paid them every cent that was due them. The facts are these:—Having considerable money in my possession, and expecting to use the same every day, it was necessary to keep it with me, and, losing money at several times. I had confidence enough in Mr. Judge's wife to let her carry $1,700 in money, a note for $400 and a check on the bank for the remainder, in indelible amount of money. She carried it very safely until the close of the season, when one fine morning Mrs. Judge, money, notes and all, came up missing. Knowing where the parties lived and supposing she went there, I immediately went in hot pursuit; but when I arrived at home was on the borders of Canada, she crossed the river, and I was too late. I immediately got a warrant for them and left it in the hands of the well known Chief of Police of Detroit, who soon caged the pretty pair. Of course, she then had to pay me by which to keep the money. The story in this:—Although they claim to be married, her husband allows her to come on to the stand in court and say I gave her the money to run away and leave her husband—one of the basest falsehoods ever uttered by a human being. Any one who knows her can judge which is the true story. I would have her for—her elegant form, beauty or her fine accomplishments—I leave it for those to judge who know her best, as I am not able to pay such high prices, especially for old married women. I shall do all I can to get it back. She is now under bonds for embezzlement in $2,000 for her appearance at the next court, and as soon as the trial is over I will give full particulars. I have her likeness and will give managers and others a chance to look at her free of charge. As this has been a good lesson for me, I hope others may profit by it. Yours very respectfully, GILES PULLMAN.
Buffalo, Jan. 6th, 1871. 41-1t

TO THE PROFESSION.
Professionals in any part of the U. States out of engagements, by sending their Names, Lines of Business and Address to the undersigned, will have the same published in The New York Programme free of charge. Some two hundred names are published weekly for managers to refer to.
All who wish to know anything of dramatic life in the metropolis consult the Programme.
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EUREKA

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NOTICE.—In consequence of the rapid increase of business, I have this day associated with myself MR. T. A. DOW. The business of the Agency will hereafter be carried on under the style and firm of CUNNINGHAM & DOW. HARRY CUNNINGHAM. 1t*

JENNIE
BENSON

THE LITTLE EMERALD and QUEEN OF CLOG DANCERS, will appear at Dupree and Benedict's Opera House, Philadelphia, Jan. 23; Buffalo's Opera House, Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 16th; after which she will start on her southwestern tour. Managers wishing to make engagements with this popular artist will address her only authorized agents,
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LANNIER'S
Dramatic Constellation,
BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA.
FOURTH ANNUAL TOUR.
SOLE MANAGER.....W. M. LANNIER.
The manager has effected an engagement with the
GREAT, ORIGINAL AND ONLY
YANKEE ROBINSON,
Who will appear nightly in his specialties, supported by a first class company of
20 ARTISTS. 20
TOGETHER WITH
PROF. H. P. DUNSPAUGH'S
UNRIVALLED BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA
HOP. SALISBURY, Agent.
WANTED—A GOOD PROPERTY MAN.
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DAVENPORT'S
ORIGINAL AND ONLY
GEORGIA MINSTERLS,
COMPRISING TWENTY STAR PERFORMERS
OF THE ORIGINAL AFRICAN RACE,
WITH A FULL BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA.
The Manager has the honor of announcing that he will visit the principal cities of the East and West, and then depart to visit Europe with his unparalleled Colored Minstrels and Double Brass Band.
All letters and communications must be addressed to
CHAS. H. DAVENPORT,
Care of St. Louis Republican,
St. Louis, Missouri.
ATTENTION.—Wanted, one Base and Tenor Singer. Good Salaries paid. 41-4t

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FOR SALE.
Round Top Canvas, 70ft. diam; Oblong Canvas, 35x66. Flags of all nations on hand. SMITH,
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Wishing to engage the services of JOHN G. WILLIAMS, property man (late with FOX & DENIER Troupe), now engaged in Newark, please address JOHN G. WILLIAMS,
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M'LLE LAURI,
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:—
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"M'LLE LAURI appeared as Harry Halcyon, the Middy, and astonished every one by the volubility of her nautical expressions."
[Albany Knickerbocker, Dec. 24th.]
"M'LLE LAURI is a very fine burlesque actress, as well as a pantomimist of the first rank."
[Albany Argus, Dec. 23d.]
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AND ARTISTS.
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ABOUT PADDLING "YOUR OWN CANOE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It's all very well a fellow to tell
To paddle his own canoe;
But what if a paddle you never had in your daddle,
What in the devil are you to do?
Or, suppose a canoe you don't possess,
And a paddle you never had,
Why insist you shall do an impossible thing?
It's outrageous! It's really too bad!

Why paddle your own canoe? suppose
Such a thing you don't happen to own;
Why can't you ask your neighbor and friend
A canoe and a paddle to loan?
You've lent him tobacco and money and things,
And it wouldn't matter a bit
If he wasn't using his old canoe
He'd "lend you the loan" of it!

Or again, suppose you do own a canoe,
And to paddle it don't suit you?
I guess in a country like this you've a right
As you please in such matters to do.
I have thought the matter all over, and
The conclusions I come to are these,
I'll paddle my own canoe—or my friend's—
Or won't paddle at all—as I please! J. H. B.

THE LAST STAKE.

A REVELATION OF THE PAST.

It is a cold, chilly evening in Sacramento, and the north-eastern winds that come from the snowy tops of the Sierra Nevadas bring with them a wintery feeling of discomfort to the denizens of the plains, disagreeable in proportion to their rarity. The heavy curtains of the parlor in my snug little cottage are closely drawn, and the bright, flashing, snapping wood fire in the grate gives a cheerful light and heat to the happy home I have found after many years of toil and vicissitude. The calm content that now blesses me is a fitting conclusion to the stormy days that have passed. Sitting in my cozy arm chair, gazing at the genial fire, changing flames, a host of unbidden memories come to me from the past, like dreams more than like the bitter realities they were, for we scarcely can realize, in looking back to early life in California, the indifference and coolness with which we met danger and even death; when all was a state of delirious excitement, a feverish mania of gold seeking actuating all, and proving a worse curse than even at present.

While indulging in these thoughts, and the luxury of comparing past sufferings and sorrows with present happiness and joys, a soft little hand crept into my right hand, a soft cheek rested against my cheek, and the inquiring eyes of my darling little girl, Kitty, met mine; yet another hand clasped my left and another head was resting against my heart, whence loving looks sought mine from the liquid depths of my wife's bright eyes; gazing within them, I could read there the unchanging love that made my constant happiness; for what more unendurable boon can fortune bestow upon man than the love of a true woman?

* * * * *

Said a voice in my ear:—"Father, you promised me a story to-night—a real true story; tell me one about yourself—when you first came here, and about gold digging, and killing and all those strange things the newspapers tell about sometimes. I know you can; and, perhaps, you were most killed in those horrid times, yourself—were you ever, papa?"

The child's eager curiosity brought to my remembrance one of those dark episodes in my life, that came and passed so quickly, that it is with difficulty that I can realize having been an actor in it, although at the time I viewed the incidents as not so very remarkable. The child nestled closer to me, and as the thoughts she had suggested to me they came from my lips in words, rather as if I were thinking aloud than relating a story for her amusement.

Yes, those were dark times for me in the year 1852. Recovering from a severe and nearly fatal illness, I was totally without means or any steady employment. Educated as a gentleman and having passed the greater part of my life among books as a scholar, I had no friends among those who might have assisted me in obtaining work and bread. Many more there were, doubtless, who, like myself, preferred the keen, biting pangs of hunger, to making confession of poverty, or asking aid from the mocking lips of charity. It is true, many will consider it a very reprehensible degree of pride, but I felt I would rather die than beg a favor from my fellow man, and very near I came to it that winter of '52. How many in like circumstances may have passed away in death throughout the length and breadth of California, and whose sad stories and fate shall never be known, I cannot guess, but to the winds of heaven, unprotected from the cold, assailed by the torturing pangs of hunger, I can never forget those long, long, weary nights. A dull, hopeless despair seized upon me, and life and death were alike indifferent. In the day time it was better; some little employment could sometimes be had to keep away the wolf, hunger, that was gnawing at my vitals. Yet, during all this period, like the Spartan boy, I concealed my sufferings in my bosom, and none but myself met me in the daily walks of life ever knew of my destitute condition.

I had obtained work for a few days, and by that means put a few dollars in my pocket, but still it was only a temporary relief, and after the small sum was eked out to its utmost capacity for bread, then, as had happened many times before, another period of suffering was to come. All this had, combined with past misfortunes, nearly broken my spirit, and hope was fast departing from the horizon of my future. It was weary of disappointment, almost weary of life. In this unfortunate state of mind, reckless as indifferent, I was one evening walking along——street, San Francisco, which lead by a long wharf to the water's edge. I had a half formed idea in my head that on reaching its termination I should have before me, at least, the means by which I could terminate all present sufferings. As I recollect my feelings at that time, I do not imagine that for a moment I seriously contemplated suicide, but rather that there was a certain fascination and pleasure in seeing the way by which mortal troubles could be left behind. At that time gambling, in all its varieties, was seen on every hand, over the city. Be ore reaching the end of the wharf I was attracted from my gloomy musings by confused din of many voices and sounds of music, among which, above all, rose the shrill screams of an ill-played clarionet. Turning round, I found I was in front of one of the vilest and most notorious hells in the lower part of the city, where rumor said many crimes were committed with impunity—for justice existed but in name in those days, and rogues did exactly what seemed good in their own eyes. As I gazed within the large, crowded room, I remembered that an acquaintance was employed as a musician in the orchestra on one side of the room, and governed by the impulse of the moment, I pushed my way through the mass of persons around the table to speak to him. After a few moments' conversation with the musician, he turned to me and said, in a quiet tone of voice:—

"Whenever you come in here, never be tempted to risk a dollar on any game played, for not a square game is played; and more than tha', the worst thing a man can do is to win money here."

Saying this, he resumed his occupation. Not caring much for the information, I gazed about me at the scene with a still greater reckless depression of spirits. Vice and virtue seemed to me mere words without meaning, and actuated by weak and foolish thoughts, the question arose in my heart—is everything in life mere chance, like the turning of dice or cards? Is there no God to direct, who protects down trodden virtue, or punishes successful vice?

There lay in piles before me gold in coin and dust; a very small portion of one of them would make me happy, and enable me to relieve from suffering another afar off, who was dearer than life to me, for I came in search of gold for a holy purpose. It was changing hands constantly, passing into the possession of those who stood the scale of humanity, who used it only for the vilest debaucheries; where was any kind of providence to be regarded in all this? I walked carelessly up to the roulette table, and from the feeling of the moment—alike indifferent to the frowns or smiles of fortune—I threw down as stakes the three dollars in loose silver I had in my pockets. It was as quickly won by the gambler, and, indeed, I afterwards met the very man who made the table, and who explained to me its secret springs, by which other fools, like myself, were robbed.

Passing along with the crowd, I found myself at the centre of excitement and attraction—a faro table, around which were so many newly arrived and successful miners, judging from the many thousands of dollars they had on the table. Under the influence of bad whisky, and the vicissitudes of the game, they were apparently as reckless as myself to the consequences. Taking from my vest pocket a ten dollar gold piece, which was all I had in the world, I threw it on a card at random—one on which the others were not betting—as my last stake. It doubled and doubled, again and again, many times, till at length even the half drunken miners, who were playing for such heavy stakes, took an interest in my strange luck, and the marble-faced dealer, whose attention hitherto had been entirely devoted to them, turned his eyes with a sinister look upon me. When my card won for the ninth time, I took up from the table in coin $6,120, with a stolid coolness I have since many times wondered at, and putting it in a couple of bags given me by one of the miners, I thrust them in my pockets. As I stepped aside to leave the table, the dealer turning round to address one to the crowd, and giving him a peculiar look of intelligence, said with a laugh:—

"That's a heavy pile to carry."

I soon found out the truth of his remark. Not wishing to elbow my way through the crowd directly to the door, I passed round behind the tables in the back part of the house. Leading from the room were a number of badly lighted passages—one or two quite dark, as I went by one of the latter, before I turned round toward the street door, a man standing in the obscured light, nearly concealed behind the door post, beckoned me toward him with a mysterious gesture. Without thinking; I stepped through the door a few feet to learn what he wished, and when within a few yards of him, as it took another step, quicker than I can tell, the floor passed from under my feet, and I was sinking many feet under the waters of the bay. With the instinct of self preservation, I struggled for the life I had held so cheap. At length, after what seemed a long time to me, almost suffocated and weighed down by the fatal gold, I rose to the surface. A light from a dark lantern flashed down from the mouth of what appeared to be a square well, built in the waters of the Bay, and constructed of smooth paned planks. In those few moments of time, by that ghastly light, 'mid all the despair and horrors of that scene, a whole life of thoughts and memories were before me. Notwithstanding all my past misery, I could not, without a struggle, die a dog's death. I could see above me, in that interval of time, the pale looking faces of two ruffians, gazing down. One grasped in his hand a long pole armed with a sharp point, and directly opposite to me in the well, within a foot of my face, was the bloated, livid face of a swollen corpse, that had, unknown to me, served to obstruct my rising to the surface. In the flickering light and disturbed waters, it appeared to mock and jeer, moving nearer and nearer. Just then, one of the men said to the other:—

"Split his head and job him under, or he will sing out!"

And down came the sharp spear, touching my head but not injurine me. He then drew it up to throw it again with more deadly purpose. The despair of death came upon me, and from my lips the name of her far away arose in a choking cry of anguish.

At that instant of time, the report of pistols, shrieks of pain, mingled with the varied sounds of deadly conflict, came to my ears; the desperado above me, in haste, cast away the spear, and then, with his companion, rushed to the scene of other murders, doubtless feeling secure of the victim left in the well. The lantern hung on a nail, about six feet above me, and a piece of rope had been carelessly dropped from what appeared to be a vertical trap, opening outwards on the tide waters.

Bodies were found in the bay so frequently in those days, that they excited little curiosity or comment. At a glance I could see all I have described, and, although wounded in my left arm by the spear, still, with the desperate energy of despair, I pushed the swollen body under my foot, and sprang to grasp the rope. Twice I failed and the drops of perspiration fell from my forehead, as I thought the murderers would return instantly. The third attempt was more successful, for I seized the rope—which, luckily, had a knot at its end—with a degree of strength I could not have used under any other circumstances, and raised myself towards the floor above, where I found, on one side of the well, there was a space between the boards and floor of about eight inches high, and perhaps about twenty wide. How I forced myself through this narrow space, encumbered as I was, I do not know; for all the events I have described passed in a few moments, although it seemed an age to me.

I dropped myself down on the outside into the rippling waters, and passed as quickly as possible from pile to pile, under the street and many houses. I scarcely stopped to breathe until I found myself far from the trap. Once I thought I heard smothered voices and the sound of oars, but if so, they could not find me, and I made my way cautiously to land, a long distance off, for I well knew that they would use every means to stop a victim who had discovered their crimes. Exhausted and very weak from loss of blood from my wounded arm, I crept to my garret. Late the next morning, when I awoke, I could not believe the above events, except as a troubled dream, until, reaching out my hand, I felt the weight of the money in the pocket of my wet coat.

My narrative was here interrupted by a hesitating voice from the little head that was nestled so closely to my bosom. Looking down in the child's face, two big tears were lingering on her eyelids, for she had listened to the long story with the childish wonder she might have listened to a story from the Arabian Nights.

"But, father, what became of the wicked men, and what did you do with all that money?"

"I will tell you, my dear," I replied. "After binding up my wounded arm as well as possible, I went out and took the first good meal I had taken for many weeks. I then purchased a suit of clothes, and going to a barber materially changed my personal appearance. And in company with an honest policeman—not common in those days—I visited the scene of my night's adventures. As we carelessly sauntered through the room, not a single face met mine that I could in the least degree recognize. They had evidently—those implicated as actors in the crime—fled away until possible investigations should cease. The very dark passage, from the back part of the house, which I had such fearful reason to remember, was so cunningly built up and altered that it was difficult to suppose any such place ever existed.

"In the afternoon of the same day I unexpectedly met an old acquaintance from the States, who persuaded me to go with him to the mines, and it was some length of time before I returned. As for the money, it was mostly invested in a large building on Jackson street, which was afterwards burnt up; but, nevertheless, from that time fortune dealt more kindly with me, as some atonement for her past frowns."

O'KEEFE, THE PIPER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Crossing over Wells' Street Bridge, in Chicago, to the north side, until Kinzie street is reached, and then turning to the left down Kinzie, a somewhat strange sign meets the eye—it is the elevated shingle of "O'Keefe, the Piper." It is ingenious and calculated to catch the traveler, whether he be Irish or Scotch; for, on one side of this sign is the representation of an immense Highlander, blowing his bagpipes, while O'Keefe is represented as tearing things to pieces, in shirt, breeches and brogues, and a line underneath informs you that this is "D. O'Keefe, on the Donnybrook, wid Jig." On the other side, however, the representation is more quiet, being simply an individual playing the Irish pipes, and a few words give the information that this is "D. O'Keefe performing on his Irish Union Bagpipes;" while on the corner of the house you are informed than "Brian Boroihme's ale" is retailed inside. Such is the outward appearance of Dan O'Keefe's hosteirie.

This establishment is pretty lively occasionally, and one night, not long since, was unusually so. It was a Saturday night, and the boys not coming round and custom, therefore, being bad, O'Keefe was compelled to put on his Scotch pipes to make a "nise," in order to draw custom; and sure enough he accomplished his object. In a few minutes the boys came tumbling in, and the *creature's* flew round with amazing rapidity and Dan was requested to put on his Union pipes in order to afford a terrible looking chap an opportunity to dance. We were all informed confidentially that this terrible looking individual was a Fenian captain and that he was a terror in every respect. After a deal of persuasion—O'Keefe stating that he "played like the divil all night at a ball (?)"—the pipes were put on, and Dan asked him what he'd have, to which the Fenian captain replied:—

"Give us 'I Wish I niver Saw Ye.'"

O'Keefe could not play this, for he was "larning it, but the childer tore it out of his note-book."

While Dan was squeaking away, however, thinking of a suitable tune, the captain was observed to be taking off his brogues, when several asked what this meant, and the captain replied:—

"Bloodnouns, dye yons want me to break down the dacint man's flure?" We all said no, to which the Captain answered, "That's kerrect." O'Keefe said this was the dacintest boy that was in his house for a long time, for besides sparing the floor, it would have the effect of not "wakning the childer?" A suitable tune was played, and the Captain, in his stocking feet, delighted the audience, stimulated by such encouraging exclamations as "Wollop Kilgawan!" "Paddy, ye divil!" and "I knew it was in him," etc.

The Captain at last wound up, nearly out of puff, with the exclamation:—"What dee ye think of that, O'Keefe. I come to bate your dandies in your own house, and I'm d——d if I did'nt;" to which a friend of the terrible Captain answered, "Now you've got it, Paddy, and the divil a doubt of it." At this, O'Keefe pulled off his pipes and waxed wroth—for O'Keefe is second to none as a jig and reel dancer, having several trophies which he won in matches—and immediately proceeded to find a fifer, that he might dance himself. This was done, and certainly O'Keefe cuts capers that astonished the audience, taking the conceit entirely out of the Fenian, who treated immediately in acknowledgement of his defeat.

O'Keefe played again, the Captain danced (taking off his brogues every time), and the whiskey was dished out very lively.

A ferocious-looking youth was then introduced, by Dan, stating that he was a "nice dacint boy, and faramur's son." This youth sang the "Cumberland's Crew," which O'Keefe said could not be surpassed in the opera house, or, in fact, any other where.

Your correspondent asked him why he did not spell out his name on his sign, when Dan said:—Well, I'll tell you. In years gone by, ye see, there was one Daniel O'Keefe in the said land, and he was known as he had a highwayman. In thim days, the highwaymin used to rob the rich and help the poor man to pay his rint, dee ye mind that now? and consequently they were thought a dale about. But Dan was pushed by the yowmin—he'll sweat thim—one day, and he had to run for his life. He run till he was stopped by the Blackwather, a big river, and, av coorse the sogers were tight on his heels, so he had to do something or be cotch, and, av coorse, hung up like a futch of bacon in the chimney. So he ran to the river, jumped, and landed on the other side safe and sound. He did not believe it himself till an owld hag came out of her little house and said to him in Irish—av coorse, I'll give it to you in English—"O, man of might, great is thy leap," or words to that effect, when O'Keefe answered her in his droll way, by saying that "it was nothing when the run he had was taken into consideration," getting off a joke on the poor owld cratur. Well, ye see, Dan was a famus man, and was respected by the people, but times are different now. The Peelers are too plentiful entirely, and there's no highwaymin. Besides, it is a bad business; people are more industrious, and the best way is for people to be honist and paceable. If I had my name in full people might think it was bravado in being proud of being of the same name as Daniel O'Keefe, the highwayman that teaped the Blackwater, and therefore I just put D., instead of Daniel, though I like to be called Dan by my friends."

After some more dancing by the Fenian and singing by the "Farramur's Sun," the boys retired, O'Keefe stating that when "Dacint boys cum and payed their way, they would always be welkum agin." As an Irish piper Dan is fair; but nothing to Shanahan, of Limerick, or other celebrated players. He plays the Scotch pipes very well, but his great *forte* is dancing, in which, so far as regards jig and reel dancing, he can't be beat. He is a man that likes mirth, but, at the same time, keeps a look out for No. 1; for he owns a nice little property in the Garden City, made out of pipes playing and dancing for hire.

Such is the establishment of the "Renowned O'Keefe," who will always be glad to see his friends, including the terrible Fenian Captain and the Farramur's Sun. M. D.

THE LEGALITY OF RATTING SPORTS.—On Dec. 17th Billy Shaw, the landlord of the Queen's Head Tavern, Great Windmill street, London, Eng., appeared before Mr. Knox, on an adjourned summons, charging him with unlawfully ill-treating and torturing certain animals—dogs and rats. On the first hearing the defendant was fined £5 for keeping a pit for fighting and backing dogs and rats. The counsel (Mr. Montagu Williams) contended that what took place in the rat pit was not fighting, but the destruction of vermin, and asked for a case for the Middlesex magistrates. This Mr. Knox declined to grant. The adjourned summons was then taken. Inspectors Pope and Hambling, who were present when a brown dog was thrown into a pit with 100 rats, deposed to the severe manner in which the dog was bitten by the rats, to the exhausted condition in which it was when lifted from the pit, bleeding in numerous places, with its tongue hanging from its mouth. The dog was brought into court, and appeared to have fully recovered, being quite well and lively. Mr. M. Williams contended that it was not more cruelty to the dog to kill rats than to hunt foxes, and that pigeon shooting must be considered cruelty if ratting was. A gentleman named Thomas Alexander, who was present, was called to negative the charge of cruelty to the dogs, and another witness named Clare swore to the blood which fell from the dog being the blood of the rats he had bitten on the head. Mr. Knox did not think he was called upon to enter into the question of fox hunting and pigeon shooting. He could not doubt but that the defendant traded on the instinct of the animal, putting it in such a position that it suffered torture. The dog was now well, but three weeks had elapsed, and that would account for the animal showing no evidence of cruelty. He would make the penalty 40s., so as to enable the defendant to appeal. Notice of appeal was immediately given, and time granted to consider whether a *mandamus* should be applied for to compel the magistrate to grant a case.

CHANTICLEER WARFARE AT BUFFALO.—A main of cocks was fought near Buffalo, N. Y., on Dec. 20th, between Terry Miller, Geo. Bishop and Joe Neil, on one side, and Tom Daley, Dean Wilson and Fred Frank on the other, the main being for $50 a battle and $80 the odd, nine falling in on each side. *First Fight.*—Daly showed a black red, 5 lbs. 10 oz., Bishop producing a pyle, 5 lbs. 8 oz., the former winning in six minutes. *Second.*—Bishop brought out a black red, 5 lbs. 3 oz., Daley showing a blue, 5 lbs. 3½ oz., the latter winning in four minutes. *Third.*—Each produced fowls weighing 5 lbs. 4 oz., and after the most exciting battle of the main, Daly's Paddy cock won in sixteen minutes. *Fourth.*—Two 5 lb. birds, Bishop winning. *Fifth.*—Each showed a 4 lbs. 6 oz. bird, Bishop again being victorious. *Sixth and Seventh.*—A 4 lbs. 8 oz. fowl from each, Bishop taking the first and Daley the second. *Eighth.*—Both produced birds weighing 4 lbs. 4 oz., Daley winning. *Ninth.*—A 4 lbs. 3 oz. cock from each, Bishop coming out ahead. The Bishop party claimed that the fowl produced by their opponents in the first fight was over weight, however, and the claim being allowed, a draw was declared. The fowls shown by Daley's party were those raised by the late Joe Franklin, who was fatally beaten in Buffalo on election day. His strain is celebrated in Western New York. The Dean Wilson mentioned above formerly resided in the metropolis, where he has often appeared at No. 22 White street, in sparring bouts with Johnny Lazarus. He is now engaged in the plumbing business, corner Main and North Division streets, Buffalo.

RAN DOWN A FOX.—On the morning of Dec. 14th, while the Secramento Valley passenger train was about three miles from Shingle Springs, *en route* for the city, a large grey fox started up from the side of the road and ran along for several rods on the track, ahead of the engine. The latter gradually gained upon him despite his best efforts. Just as the pilot reached him he attempted to jump aside, but was caught and run over by the forward truck of the engine, which cut off his hind-quarters. His brush, which was unusually fine, did not suffer by the accident, and was taken possession of as a trophy by J. C. Garland, who happened to be aboard of the train.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

THE OLD STORY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY "MAGLUEN."

The old house of mother's, and the playground of brother's,
By the hillside I left them, long, long years ago,
Till at last this world's dreary, and my heart sick and weary,
And I long to be home again—home let me go.
O, take me back home—
Let me not die in shame—
For these scenes would I feign bid farewell—
To the old home of mother's,
To the playground of brother's,
To the cot where my mother does dwell.

Thou west home of mother's far sweeter than others,
With its garden and flowers, to me is more dear
Than this lone life I'm leading, in sin and shame pleading.
Then take me to mother, oh, take me from here.
Won't you then take me home?
Let me not die in shame.
For these scenes would I feign bid farewell;
To the old home of mother's,
To the playground of brother's,
To the cot where my mother does dwell.

There a grave will be given, when at last I'm forgiven,
And have lain me to rest in the Churchyard hard by.
For the old home of mother's, and the fond love of brother's,
Will have room for their lost one, come home, but to die.
Won't you then take me home?
I would see them once more—
And these scenes will I feign bid farewell,
To the old home of mother's,
To the playground of brother's,
To the cot where my mother does dwell.

A DIVORCE CASE,

WITH AN ACTRESS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.

The *Cincinnati Commercial* of Dec. 25th contains an account of a divorce suit in Covington, Ky., which implicates a variety actress well known in the west, the wife of Louis B. Carr, a circus performer. We quote the *Commercial's* report:—

"At the present term of the Circuit Court in Covington a divorce was granted to Sarah C. Kelling from her husband, John F. Kelling. The petition of the plaintiff charged the defendant with adultery and cruelty and wasting of his estate. Its main statements are that the plaintiff and defendant were married on the 17th of December, 1867; that they lived together happily for some two years, and that one child, a girl, now eighteen months old, was born of their union; that for six months next preceding the bringing of the suit the defendant had been living in abandonment of the plaintiff, and in adultery with another woman—the wife of another man—traveling with her, and registering and advertising her as his wife; that for many months he had been consorting with vile and lewd persons, especially low and dissolute women, expending several thousand dollars in that mode of life, and leaving the plaintiff without the necessary means of support; and that he had become addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors; that at their marriage she had brought him one thousand dollars, which he used in his business; that in June 1870, he mortgaged all their household furniture to secure a note for one thousand dollars, due in June, 1871; that a large portion of said furniture had been sold under landlord's warrant, and that she was compelled to break up housekeeping and go to her father's house with her child, utterly destitute of means for food or clothing; that the defendant was a healthy young man, with first rate business qualifications, and that the plaintiff had in all respects faithfully discharged her every duty as his wife.

All these charges were fully and satisfactorily proven. It appeared in evidence that up to the spring of 1870 the defendant had been an active, straightforward and successful business man, entirely blameless in his private life and domestic relations, and that about that time he fell in with Ella Gardner, and began to live with her living in various ways, and thenceforward he pursued his downward course to shame and ruin. This woman's real name is Catherine Carr, and she is the wife of Louis B. Carr, an *attache* of some circus. Some dozen or fifteen letters written by the defendant to plaintiff during the spring months of this year, were exhibited on the trial, in all of which he plays the hypocrite to perfection, pretending, as an excuse for his neglect, that pressure of business kept him from home, occasionally inclosing a few dollars of money and always protesting an affectionate anxiety for his dear wife and "little Sadie," their child, and nothing wrong was suspected until some time in June, when plaintiff received a letter from Carr, dated at Indianapolis, in which he informed her that his wife and children were living in adultery with defendant, sometimes staying at No. 219 West Fifth street and sometimes at the St. George, corner of Ninth and Vine streets. The charge was investigated and found to be true in every particular, and one witness testified that after the divorce suit was brought by the woman against her husband, had occasion to call at her room in St. Louis, where she was again engaged in the varieties business, and that he there met defendant, and was entertained with the spectacle of the two adulterous lovers boasting of their amours, kissing, fondling and caressing each other in his presence, she declaring that nobody should enjoy her favors but "Johnnie," and he avowing his intention of marrying her as soon as the legal obstacles could be removed.

Another testified to having been at a hotel in Louisville, in October last, and found the names of "John P. Kelling and lady" on the register, under a date at which the plaintiff was living at home in Covington and dangerously ill. Other witnesses prove similar conduct on other occasions—meetings in the "wine room" of the Can-can establishments, where diamonds, the price of shame, were profusely displayed, and amours, drafts and actions exchanged, etc. The judgment of the court grants a divorce from the bond of matrimony, awards the plaintiff the custody and control of her child, and confers upon her the ownership of all their household furniture. The plaintiff also gets a judgment for $4,000 alimony, to be paid in semi-annual installments of $100 each.

ALL FOR HAIR.

TERRIFIC ENCOUNTER BETWEEN TWO FEMALES.

A deadly feud of long standing between two young and most lovely and accomplished ladies of Milwaukee, Wis., recently culminated in a terrible encounter. The melancholy affair seems to have originated in a jealousy which sprung up between the combatants concerning the attentions of a young gentleman, who is addicted to the highly improper practice of dispensing his attentions indiscriminately, and loves not wisely but too much. At first the fair rivals developed a sort of coolness in their demeanor to one another, which gradually deepened into a positive frigidity of feeling. Meanwhile the fickle young gentleman continued to part his hair in the middle and smile on either side with an air that was child-like and bland. The rivalry of the damsels grew more intense, until they were accustomed to make faces and rudely jostle against one another if they met in the street. The hostility of feeling gradually enlisted the sympathies of friends of the respective parties, and they went abroad in bevies of half a dozen or less. Whenever these antagonistic forces came in contact, all would make faces, the opposing platoons would refuse to give an inch of the walk, and some of the spirited young ladies would remark:—"Oh, my, what a perfect fright of a hat!" "That's her mother's old brown silk done over," and other incendiary expressions. The actual combat was one of the most terrific ever witnessed. Their respective retainers gathered around and mingled their screams of exultation or derision as the chances of victory seemed to vary. Locks of luxuriant hair bestrewed the pave, with strips of ribbons, mohair, bundles of shavings and other debris. A section of the rear of the entire stuffing of a chignon were picked up after the conflict. The fight finally ended in the total discomfiture of one of the damsels, and the other lovely warrioress marched gaily off with her friends, having won undisputed right to the whole of the sidewalk. Her triumph was short-lived, however, as a warrant was speedily issued for the victor on the charge of assault and battery, a most unromantic application of a lady's name, to be sure. The case, however, is not to be a case of legally speaking. An unknown amount of greenbacks have plastered over and mollified the bruises and internal wounds of the vanquished party—all to keep the modest victor's name out of the papers.

MARRIED IN THE CARS.

"Among the passengers on Clark Livingston's down train on the Valley road Thursday afternoon, was an affectionate couple who had pledged themselves to one another for life. The preliminaries had been arranged previous to their departure upon their bridal tour, but, just for the novelty of the thing, they decided to have the ceremony performed on the train. So they secured the services of a worthy J. P. at Monroe, and while the train was whizzing at the rate of twenty miles an hour, between that place and Utley, the candidates for matrimony stood up and solemnly obligated themselves to be to each other a judicious and loving companion through life. They were as sincere in the matter, we presume, as though the nuptials had been performed inside the walls of some church. The motion of the cars rendered it somewhat difficult for the parties to maintain their equilibrium, but if holding to the car seats wasn't sufficient, there was the alternative of holding on to one another. We have heard of weddings on horseback, in carriages, on board steamboats, and under various and many other peculiar circumstances, but this is the first instance on record to our knowledge of a matrimonial transaction on board a train of cars steaming away at a 2:40 rate. If the newly married pair maintain that gait through life they may safely be expected to accomplish something. The names of the parties are Madison Pace and Sarah Rolenbaugh. The name of the officiating justice of the peace is W. W. Connald. It was a passenger train, and somewhat surprised at the *modus operandi*, enjoyed the wedding hugely.—*Des Moines Register, Dec. 18th.*

FROM THE ALTAR TO THE GRAVE.

MARRIED.—On Wednesday, Dec. 7th, 1870, at Lexington, Ky., Maggie B. Beck, to James Corcoran.

DIED.—Dec. 27th, in Washington, D. C., Maggie Beck Corcoran, wife of James Corcoran, aged 21 years.

The first of the above notices was published in the *Star* about three weeks ago; the other appears in our obituary column to-day, and, together, they tell a sorrowful story. Mrs. Corcoran, who stood before the altar a bride just twenty days ago, died of typhoid fever at 11.30 o'clock this morning, at No. 1,500 H street, between Fifteenth street and Vermont avenue. She was well known in Washington society and fashionable circles generally, being the daughter of Hon. James B. Beck, of Kentucky, and was married, as above stated, to Mr. James Corcoran, nephew of W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of this city, on the 7th inst. The marriage was attended with great ceremony, and the bridal pair reached this city on Thursday, the 15th inst., when symptoms of typhoid fever, noticed by some of her friends before her marriage, developed to such an extent that she was soon taken down with the disease which has terminated so fatally. The body is laid out in her bridal dress, and will be removed on Thursday morning next to the residence of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, opposite Lafayette square, from whence the funeral will take place on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The remains will be placed in the chapel at Oak Hill Cemetery for the present, previous to future interment in Mr. Corcoran's family lot.—*Washington (D. C.) Star, Dec. 27th.*

FAITHLESS.

A NAUGHTY COLORED BELLE.

Near Holley, Orleans County, N. Y., there is a settlement of colored people. Among them is a belle who was the object of admiration with the other sex. She was betrothed to a young man who was extremely jealous as well as ardent and confiding. A young colored man from Rochester made his appearance just before the day of the wedding, and aroused the suspicions of the young man who was pledged and accepted. The girl proposed to visit some friends in Rochester before her marriage, and her betrothed gave her $20 to buy trinkets for the wedding. She went to Rochester. From that city she wrote to her lover for ten dollars to enable her to go to Syracuse and visit a sick aunt. From Syracuse she wrote a few days later that she would return if she had money to pay her fare. The still confiding lover sent her $15, with an injunction to return by the next train. He repaired to the Holley depot and watched the trains. No bride came and he began to despair in doubt. In a few days he received a letter from the faithless female stating that she had married "the man in Syracuse." Annexed was a request that he would send her $20 with which she could purchase a chain for a present to her husband. This time the jilted lover did not respond. He gives it up and declares that he will have nothing more to do with colored girls.

MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.—The ladies in Russia are very anxious to marry, because they have no liberty before marriage. They are kept constantly under the maternal eye until given up to their husbands, and then they take their own course. Almost as soon as a girl is born in the better ranks of society, her parents begin to prepare the dowry she must have when she goes to her husband. She must furnish everything for an outfit in life, even to a dozen new shirts for her coming husband. The young man goes to the house of his proposed bride, and counts over her dresses, and examines the furniture, and sees the whole with his own eyes before he commits himself to the irrevocable bargain. In high life such things are conducted with more apparent delicacy; but the facts are ascertained with accuracy, the business being in the hands of a broker or notary. The trousseau is exposed in public before the wedding day.

A GERMAN PRINCE.—HAVING AN EYE FOR A PRETTY ANKLE.—The Prince Royal of Prussia has, it is said, yielded to the seductions of French manners and intellect. A very interesting romance might be written about his visits to the charming owner of a villa not far from the chateau of Madame Andre, where he lives along with the old king, who, his piety notwithstanding, has a soldier's eye for a pretty ankle. The royal Victoria, who remains at Berlin, must—like her very romantic ancestress, Queen Margaret of Scotland—be content with the empty honor of official triumph; for the heart of the new-fledged Field-Marshal, her husband, is now in the hands of a sparkling French woman, patriotically resolved to conquer Germany. This is, of course, very sad and very shocking; but there is such a thing in the world as retributive justice. When a royal princess encourages a royal prince to read the vitals of a country which loaded her in her youth with tenderness, she should not feel angry at a Pompadour starting out upon her, and dispating with her the admiration—or, possibly, the affection—of the heroic Fritz. This is one of the costs of the war upon which the Court of Berlin did not count at the beginning of the campaign. The moral to be deduced therefrom is, that royal German ladies should not allow their husbands to take seriously to soldiering in France.—*N. Y. World, Dec. 24th.*

A PRINCESS' LETTER INTERCEPTED.—A Tours correspondent gives the following bit of gossip:—"A few days ago, in the Department of Yonne, the peasantry captured a post-cart of the Prussian army in which were some thousands of letters for the men and officers of the different corps before Paris. These have been sent to Tours, where some clerks and others acquainted with German have been busy interpreting them for some days. Amongst other letters was one from Princess Alice of England to Prince Louis of Hesse, her husband, who is serving with the 9th corps of the German army. The letter is such as any gentlewoman might address to her husband, and encloses a note from Princess Alice's little daughter, thanking her papa for a doll he had sent her from Paris and asking him to return home as quick as he can.

A SINGULAR MARRIAGE.—At Ravenna, Ohio, the other day, a remarkable marriage ceremony was performed. The bridegroom's name was Walter Pierce; and in a paper drawn up he had agreed to accord to the woman "equal rights, socially, religiously, and politically," with himself. In return, the lady said:"—I take Walter Pierce, whom I now hold by the hand, and whom I intelligently, religiously and spiritually love, to be my companion through life; and I agree not to usurp over or tyrannize him in any particular." Then they both said: "By this ring we solemnly and premeditated act, in your presence, we declare ourselves religiously, philosophically and scientifically married." And then the Mayor declared them married.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING of Hezekiah Bissell and wife, of East Windsor, Ct., was celebrated on the 26th ult. Among the bridal presents was a loaf of cake covered with gold dollars. At the golden wedding of his brother, John Bissell, celebrated a few days before, and who lives in the same neighborhood, the couple received numerous presents, among them a very valuable Bible from the neighbors.

A HAPPY YOUTH in Connecticut has three living grandfathers and six living grandmothers, making nine grandparents. His grandfather, grandmother, great-grandmother and great-great-grandmother are living in the same family. Next door live his grandfather, grandmother, and great-grandmother, and within a mile live his grandfather and a third great-grandmother.

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES.

Ancient Pastimes in Modern Greece.

The tendency of the modern Greek mind to conserve and propagate Hellenic ideas makes the people never forgetful of those salient points in ancient history which indicated the character and originality of the race whom they delight to designate as their "forefathers." Societies for the restoration of the ancient Greek tongue are in progress; dramatic performances by students of the university meet with a fair share of success when the tragedies of Sophocles and the comedies of Aristophanes are attempted on the stage. During Otho's reign there was an attempt to revive something like the ancient Olympic games, showing the dominant taste of the people for public exhibitions of skill, with victorious rewards. But it is only lately that anything like a systematic course of training for competitive athletic exercises has been seriously entertained. The chief animus to this movement is found in the bequest of a certain wealthy Greek, M. Zappas, who left a sum exceeding thirty thousand francs per annum to assist in establishing an Exhibition of National Industry and of competitive athletic sports, which, under the title of the "Olympia," will, it is intended, recur at intervals of four years, as in ancient times.

The National Industrial Exposition opened a fortnight since, and is still frequented by crowds of curious and interested people. A tasteful building has been erected for the purpose in the large open space where stand the ruined columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus. It is about one hundred and fifty feet long, with a transverse section of half that length. Three passages run lengthwise of the building, on either side of which the articles on exhibition are arranged, with an excellent view to general and detailed effects. A marble fountain throws up a stream of water near the centre of the main aisle, and clusters of flowers, with the long, graceful leaves of the banana tree, enhance the pleasing spectacle. Here are gathered specimens of the products of the whole kingdom. This exposition was inaugurated by a religious ceremony and an address to the throne by the president of the association, in presence of the King and Queen, the diplomatic body, the chief peronages of the State, and a brilliant crowd of invited guests.

The "Olympian Games" took place on a recent Sunday afternoon in the ancient Stadium at Athens. A little to the south of the city, following a circuitous course, the wide, grassy valley, of ancient illisus, now a feeble and in summer a nearly exhausted stream, is bounded by a sloping bank, verdureless, and in places too steep and stony to ascend without difficulty. In this bank of earth, in a perfect semi-circle, and satisfactorily ascertained, but probably before the administration of the orator, Lycurgus, three hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, the ancient Greeks cut, or scooped out, the seats for the spectators. These seats rise, at a right angles to the river. Its length was more than six hundred English feet, and the sloping sides were filled with long ranges of marble seats, for the accommodation of the spectators. This beautifully constructed amphitheatre, which has been admirably adapted to its natural position for the purpose intended, was the "Stadium" or race course of the Athenians. A bridge crossing the Ilisaus formerly conducted to it, but this has long since disappeared, the foundation arches only being now visible. The ancient Stadium is unimpaired, and until recently has presented a grass grown hollow, frequented by flocks of sheep. About a year ago King George authorized excavations to be made in the ground, with a view to the restoration of the Stadium to its pristine glory. He was obliged to purchase the land from

CHRONOLOGY
OF
Important Sporting Events During 1870.
COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

QUOITING.

Jan. 5. Walkinshaw, R., beat Geo. Graham, £200 and championship of Great Britain, 21 shanks up, 12 yards, 8½lb. quoits, Glasgow, Scotland; score, 21 to 20.
May 7. Howard, E., and J. Shanks beat T. Parks and J. Shanks, $250, 21 points—by 6.
20. Graham, Geo., beat R. Walkinshaw, £200 and champion-ship of Great Britain, 21 points, 12 yards, 8½lb. quoits, North Woodside, Eng.—21 to 20.
June 27. St. Andrews vs. Long Island, opening match, 5 games; the club compelled a cessation of play when the score stood—St. Andrews, 122; L. I., 108.
July 30. Boyle, Jas., beat Wm. Brown, $300, 61 points, Gardner, Ill.—21 to 17.
Aug. 1. Graham, C., beat R. Robinson, $20, 61 points, London, Eng.
4. Long Island beat National, 8 games, Williamsburgh, L. I.—21 to 18.
17. Montgomery beat Walker, $200, 61 points, Hoboken, N. J.—21 to 21.
22. Handicap match for a silver brick, McLaren's grounds, Newark, N. J.; won by John Smith.
29. St. Andrews beat Long Island, 16 players each, best 5 out of 8 games, Tuckley's grounds, New York—4 to 3; totals, 120 to 84.
Sept. 19. Kelly, P., and A. McGregor beat Alex. Ferguson and T. Walker, $200, Union Hill, N. J.—21 to 17.
Oct. 6. Long Island beat St. Andrews, Brooklyn, L. I.—20 to 20.
10. Long Island beat National, Brooklyn, 6 games—56 to 44.
30. Tournament for two prizes, New Jersey; first won by John Smith, second by H. Collis.
Nov. 1. Ferguson beat Schuyler, $20, 61 points, 12 yards, Tuckley's grounds, New York—21 to 12.

SKATING.

Jan. 8. Mile Race, Forest City Rink, Cleveland; 1st prize won by Wm. Archibald, in 3:28½, one second before John Powers.
18. Fancy Dress Carnival, Quincy, Ill.; prizes won by Wm. Lonsdale and Edith Bull.
—. Fifteen Mile Race, Quincy, Ill.; won by Guy Prentiss, in 1 hour 9¼ minutes.
21. State Tournament, Jackson, Mich.; champion belt won by Capt. John Miner, second prize by Lillian Hixon.
31. Contest for the Championship of the Fens, Welney Wash, Eng.; won by Hills, who skated 11¼ miles in 3:06.
Feb. 22. Contest for a Champion Medal, Quincy, Ill.; won by E. Clouse, defeating Guy Prentiss and E. D. Young.
23. Smith, F. L., beat J. H. Weston, championship of Wisconsin, Janesville—30 to 26.
Mar. 4. Cook beat Manderville, champion belt of Rochester, N. Y.
5. Contest for a medal valued at $100, Brooklyn, N. Y.; won by Brady, who scored 72 to Mead's 54 and Fisher's 45.
5. Contest for Champion Belt of Toledo, O.; won by E. C. French, defeating Moore, Parks and Rogers.
11. Bicknell, Geo. S., beat Lawrence, 1 mile, gold medal, Boston.
Dec. 17. Season inaugurated in the vicinity of New York.

SNOW-SHOE RACING.

Feb. 8. Dominion Club Meeting, Montreal, C. E.; two mile race won by Harper, hurdle race by Wood, two mile club race by Minchin.
16. Grand Trunk Railway Club Meeting, Montreal; two mile race won by Kenarowne, in 12:30, hurdle race by Massey, Green Club Race by H. S. Young, mile race by Harry Jones.
19. Montreal Club Meeting, Montreal; Indian race, 4 miles, won by Daillebout, in 37:41, he also taking the half-miler; mile race by Minchin, in 6:06½.
26. Alexandra Club Meeting, Montreal; Sircord Cup, 1 mile, won by C. Boyle; Newmash Cup, 2 miles, by Harper, in 13:15, the trophy thus becoming his personal property.
Mar. 5. Alexandra second meeting, Montreal; Indian race, 2 miles, won by Kenarowne, in 13:21. Steeplechase, 2 to 1 against, won by Glowski.
July 30. Bonnie Jean, beat Wm. Brown, $300, 61 points, Gardner, Ill.—21 to 17.
Aug. 1. Graham, C., beat R. Robinson, $20, 61 points, London, Eng.
4. Long Island beat National, 8 games, Williamsburgh, L. I.—21 to 18.
17. Montgomery beat Walker, $200, 61 points, Hoboken, N. J.—21 to 21.
22. Handicap match for a silver brick, McLaren's grounds, Newark, N. J.; won by John Smith.
29. St. Andrews beat Long Island, 16 players each, best 5 out of 8 games, Tuckley's grounds, New York—4 to 3; totals, 120 to 84.
Sept. 19. Kelly, P., and A. McGregor beat Alex. Ferguson and T. Walker, $200, Union Hill, N. J.—21 to 27

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A stamped envelope, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of ill a name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Arlington, May
Bertie, Millie
Bradshaw, Blanche
Brooke, Alice
Bidwell, Dollie
Brown, Mrs. Bedley
Blake, Annie
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Clifton, Emma
Chandler, Lottie M.
Olinstop, Sallie
Delmore, Cora
Dunham, Miss K. M.
Daly, Ada
D'Alzie, Helen
Denin, Nellie
Estelle, Kate
Edwards, Emma E.
Eldridge, Sallie (2)
Fisher, Mrs.
Freeman Sisters
Fay, Bella
Gerson, Nellie
Gay, Irene
Gray, Millie
Howard, Libbie
Hall, Emma
Howard, Victoria
Huntley, Nellie
Hubbard, Addie
Jones, Nellie
Johnson, Jennie
Kenny, Debora
Kline, Nellie
Kirally Sisters
Mitchell, Annie L.
Mason, Miss
Nichols, Maggie
O'Neill, Kathleen
Peak, Fannie
Peterson, Louisa
Riddell, Kate
Robinson, Julia
Reynolds, Jennie
Stewart, Ada
Stedman, Lizzie
Seigel, Emily
Schott, Miss A.
Sheldon, Ella
Troy, Cassie
Turnour, Millie
Thompson, Connie
Turnour, Emilia
Troy, Cassie
Taylor, Marion
Vernon, Emilie
Valinar, Fannie
Wood, Aggie S.
Wray, Ada
Ward, Annie
Williams, Belle
Worrell, Mrs. Wm.
Wood, Mrs. Harry

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Antonio, C. W. (2)
Ashton, W. D.
Armstrong, Harry
Arlington, Wm.
All Ben Abdillah,
Allum, J.
Brown, Tom W.
Bell, Frank
Ball & Washburn,
Bilby, J. S.
Bennett, J. C.
Blumenthal, J. (2)
Buchanan, McKean
Booker, Johnny
Batcheler, Geo.
Bonham, S. M.
Birch, Johnny
Blaisdell, W. B.
Bowron, W. L.
Butler, Chas. W. (2)
Bristol, Wm.
Brown, Charley
Bally, J. A.
Bennett, Frank
Brien, J. O.
Cobb, Willis
Conway, Hart
Crossen, J. F. (2)
Cole, Wm.
Cohan, Jerry
Craven, J. F.
Cote, W. W. (2)
Cook, Theo. F.
Cohan, Tim
Collins, Lew
Cahn, M.
Cohan, Jerry
Desmond, Frank (2)
Dupree, Chas. H.
Day, Chas. T.
De Lave, A. T.
De Haven, Claude
Diefenbach, Phil.
De Vere, Billy
Demarest, Coe
Dunham, Miss K. M.
Daly, Ada
Delehanty & Hengler
Daly, Augustin
Dowland, E.
Dutton, R.
Edgar, H.
Edwards, Geo.
Fales, W. H.
Fay, Mr.
Frazier, Robt. M.
Fisher, Pete
Frost, Hyatt
Gray, W. R.
Gonzales, Adolph
Goss, Ned.
Gulick, Jas. T.
Gibbonoise, Santiago
Gurr, Leslie
Grant, H. W.
Gaylor, Chas.
Grisie, C. B.
Gerard, Frank (2)
Good, D.
Ginzer, Lou
Gardner, Jr., Sw
Gardner, Sam
Gerson, Mr. E.
Hertzog, Dan
Hart, Tony
Hewlett, Frank
Howard, Gus.
Hodges, D. E.
Harrigan, Ned (2)
Hickey, Jno. H.
Herne, Jas. A.
Howe, Seth B.
Hogan and Hughes,
Heigler, T. M.
Hicks, H.
Henderson, G. W.
Hannon, John
Heenlin, C. L.
Jackson, G. W.
Johnston, R bt.
Keating, Jos. M.
Kent, Frank
Knight, G. S. (3)
Keller, Harry
Kelley, J. W.
Kelley, Dan
Kopp, S. F.
Leader, (4)
Leavitt, M. B.
Lang, Joe
Leslie, N. S.
Nezzari, Mr.
Neville, C.
Nathans, Jno. Y.
Oates, Jas. A.
O'Reardon, Prof. M.
Parkes, A. L. (2)
Paul, W. M.
Pennoyer, Gus
Purcell, J. W.
Quick, Fred.
Roberts, N. D. (3)
Royd, Ben (3)
Rosenfeld Bros.,
Ryan, Pat
Rice, Dan
Richards, Warren (2)
Ross, Jas. H.
Robinson, John
Rainford, Milton
Redmond, H. H.
Rae, Geo.
Rosteiter, W. J.
Reynolds, W. B.
Robbins, Frank
Reynolds, W. H.
Riches, Geo.
Rosston, F. H.
Rutledge, Paul ()
Rampone, Joseph
Scofield, Ed.
Saulsbury, N. W.
Sands, Dick
Stewart, Geo. W. (3)
Sexton, M. C.
Sullivan, J. J.
Surridge, J. H.
Schaffner, Prof.
Schoepper, J.
Smith, Jno. F.
Sheridan & Mack,
Silvester, Prof. A.
Salisbury, Newt.
Turner, Billy
Thompson, Johnny
Turnaire, Fred.
Treasure (2)
Tralia, Bernard
Ufner, Frank
Villa, S. B.
Virden, A. Jas.
Williams, Belle
Worrell, Mrs. Wm.
Wood, Mrs. Harry
Warren, Frank
Wallack, J. W.
Warman, J. S.
Zwisler, Louis A. (2)

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Jan. 9th, '71.

WE HAVE just recovered from our New Year's day calls. It is a wonder to us how people manage to get over the effects of that saturnalia in so short a time as they do. The day is the most trying, the most enervating of all holidays, and by what means or by what medical skill the recuperation of mankind is brought about after such wholesale debauchery, dissipation, and sport generally, is more than we can tell. But the city is pretty well over the effects of the guzzling and the inordinate swilling which characterized the operations of the day. We promised in our last that we would endeavor to give a synopsis of the good things said and done in the course of our peregrinations through the great city. As we surmised would be the case, our reputation as a funny man had preceded us wherever we went. Ladies vied with each other in tendering us the honors and hospitalities of the house, and every one took a thimbleful of old *rye* in testimony of their enjoyment of our *chaf*, all of which made them feel their *oats* to a high degree. The first place we visited was the residence of an old soldier's wife. Here all was hilarity while discussing the war between France and Prussia, which, of course, after the compliments of the season had been exchanged, we took part in, and in a very quiet manner got off this little *jeu d'esprit*, to the delight of the ladies and the no little discomfiture of the men present. Said we:—

"The Prussian soldiers are, certainly, models of prudence, if it is true, as I have been told, that they wear a piece of sole leather on their breast that is hard enough to turn a bullet. This *sole* leather, therefore, is the means of *healing* all *tops* and saving the *body*."

The house shook with laughter, and, while the ladies were trying to draw us out again, we very modestly drew ourself out and sped on our way, leaving the assembled throng in a maze of happiness and regret. We next called at the res. of our well-known friend and humorist, the Hon. Wm. Birch, Esq., and this, our readers will admit, was boarding the corkonian lion in his den. The parlor was crowded with professionals, and the scene was one of "beauty and joy forever." Second thoughts suggest to us that we suppose that we possessed considerable cheek in attempting to show off our wit in the presence of so many sharp and pungent disciples of Momus; but we had our own budget of good things, never before heard by the public; and as we had tried them on "Our Jim" and his washwoman with perfect success, we felt secure in our position and boldly confronted the minstrel's family and its critics.

"Happy new year, ladies; delighted to see you looking so well; ah! here's our friend, sweet William. Good morrow, me liege."

"Good morrow, me worthy thane of corridor. How fares the world with thee, mine ancient quill?"

"Since yeseren a soop hath been dimmed mine eyes."

"Ah, well aday, well aday. What news prevails?"

"General Prim is dead."

"That is already known. What more?"

"The *gas* companies are about to increase their rates."

"I stand *aghast* at the revelation. They say the very *atmosphere* is overcharged with their gaseous charges."

"And if we don't *fear* the thing, will never stop, until this *matter* of our's shall dissolve into thin air."

"Which is not *mein or* rational. They tell me that—but first "try a little whiskey—twill help to make you frisky."

"Although not in a *strait*, I'll take it straight."

"Under *straightened* circumstances, I presume."

"Look out you don't take your place to-night under *Crook-ed* circumstances, which would make it a "Black Crook" for your pains."

"Never fear me, when I have such good *Backus*."

"The best of friends must part. But where's my coat? Ah, here it is as tight as coat of mail. I wonder who first made a coat?"

"Well, thereby hangs a *tail*."

"Where's my necktie? Oh the loose? 'Twill ne'er tie tight, however hard I try."

"Ha strange, that in the human race, how many like a *tie*."

"I must be off—where is my hat? Ah yes, upon the bed."

"Well, put it on, and then 'twill feel all right upon *that head*."

"My gloves! I want them badly, for my hands look as if tanned. Now where the dickens can they be?"

"Where? Why there they are on *hand*."

"But where's my coach? Where has it gone? Now really this is bad; the *driver* is a good one, but he'll surely *drive me mad*. Ah! there he comes—he's drunk, by gum; why does he turn that way? He turns again."

"Well, happy are his *re turns of the day*."

"I think I ought to scold him well—just watch him how he rocks."

"Let him alone, those drivers are tip toppers on the *box*."

"Well, well, drive on, that is if you have left enough of reason. We're *bankrupt*, yet we'll once more *pay* the compliments of the season."

During the whole of this interchange of jokes the assemblage crowded around us, and, as we sailed, they gave three cheers for the 'Queen of Clippers." We next called upon a well-known advance agent for traveling shows; but he was not traveling that day; he was assisting his amiable wife to do the honors of the house. Taking a spoonful of opodeldoc, and congratulating the lady, upon their appearance, we were called upon for a toast, which we at once acceded to by delivering the following neat little bit of stuff, off-hand, or extempore, as we might say. (This extempore poem "Our Jim" made for us three weeks ago.)

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I'm not very well to-day, being up all last night with a sick woman, but, as I like to oblige the softer sex, permit me to make a few off hand rhymes on

YE ADVANCE AGENT.

He is an enterprising man,
As tricky as a mouse—
He knows that "paper" out of doors
Prevents it in "the house."
Bill boards and board bills both must he
Attend with equal skill,
And, though he may wear diamonds fine,
Of "paste" he has his fill.

Although not pugilistic, yet
Of "cuts" he has no dread;
He scarcely cares to go afoot,
But always goes ahead;
He bills a city's vast expanse
At very great expense,
And, though he may not angry get,
He often *rakes a fence*.

He first must beat a landlord up
And then must beat him down,
And, as a feat of weariness skill,
He often "jumps" a town.
In making jokes and friends at once
He always takes the lead;
He'll tell a *graphic* narrative
Of his *photographic* speed.

He'll read the papers, there to see
Where Fame "and stick" do go,
And where it shows the *bright'* star
He pioneers the show.
And may a spirit bright and fair
Ascend the "narrow way,"
And blaze all his virtues forth
When he is turned to clay.

Here we are at the house of an eminent tragedian with the eminent out and the ladies in. We feel perfectly at home everywhere; strange faces have no terrors for us; we can even face a frowning world, for are we not a funny man? Are we not laughed at by the ladies, envied by the men, and angled for by manoeuvering mammas? Ay, marry, are we. We enter:—

"Ah, ladies, happy new year; we had *you* first—your beauty quite appals."

"What's that? Did you speak?"

"No, ha! ha! I'm only making calls."

"Take something? Oh, we, you funny man."

"Yes, sherry, please; our wit this quite refines, and shows us that when making calls, one very often *wines*."

"Isn't he sweet, Quay, dear?"

"Ja! I never heard such life and merriment; dear, dear; is he married?"

"No, he isn't yet engaged."

"Well, ladies, I must really go. Ta, ta, happy new year."

And off again to some other house. We talk the same to all the girls, their cousins, aunts and mothers. Miss Gray, Miss Green, Miss Brown, Miss White, and p'raps some forty others. We turned our attention next to the friendly boarding house of brother Lndwig, the temperance lecturer. We must here candidly admit that things seemed whirling around as we passed through the portals of the temperance house:—

"Morning; new year; ladies, loveliness never here beheld."

"Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Happiest moment me life—nothin' but fun—like the ancient parties I can remember—"

"Will you take a little refreshment?"

"Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink."

"We can give you a glass of the clear, sparkling water."

"If you please, mum, I aint under the influence of the flowing bowl. I'm a temperance man, as a general thing; I agree with the poet when he says, says he:—

'Oh, water, bright water, pure water for me,
And woes for the tremulous sedan (his) cheek.'

But no water to-day—its bad to mix liquors. Oh, no; we thirsteth in the parlor, and stagger in the halls, and leaving you I must make calls for punch at old Nic'ol's."

And so, leaving the *dry* party at brother Ludwig's, we drove out to see the well-known "Oofty Goof," whose broken Dutch has broken Dutchmen out of their sound sleep at night when he regaled them with one of his favorite ballads. "Oofty" is around, and his pleasant little wife is also around, making happy those who surround her and her well-ladened table:—

"Dot's a comfordable ding, dot New Year, Mister Oofty, und I hope of you takes all dot happiness in dis voridi mit trubbles, be habby as dot New Year's day is so long."

"Dot same ding's mit yourself, and dot you enshoy yourself ad effary obbordunity."

"Dis voridi don't been too long enuf dot you should geet ub all comformableness. Ainid it?"

"I never don'd see de smardness of dot ding. I know some beebles dot could nefer been habbiness of dey vas do been hanged der nexd momend; und I know some udder beebles who hafe such a 'shdomach full of cumsdness dot dey vood lock detreeles ub und worry rust do seen udder beebles habby."

"Dot's so, Mister Oofty; of you hafen't got dose dings down do a aspice, I'm a lie."

"Yust vait undo de udder room mit me, und anchoy sum pleasurebleness. Vat is dem you habes of dot New Year drinks?"

"Of I yust hafe a leek at dot beer barrel I vill geef dem cold shoulders to dot udder bottel mit shape."

"Hellup yureself, den, mine old frynd. Here's do King Villyum."

"Vat I say, yust vat I say; for instance abond dot; subbose your leedel vife dells you ven you come home do grub und dings, 'oh, my goodness, Chonny, I hafe forgot dot blade of sour grout (or something) vich you told me do get; I safe been so busy, Chonny, dot I forged id.' Now if you vood hafe hebbiness, you vood say, 'oh, dot's all right, Rosy, you don'd hellup dot; dere is many a cub bedween der lib und her shith.' (Dis remedy is good, so you can say dot, even if id is not-ashlighable) Geef me a cupple of glasses, Rosy, dot vill make id all right."

And in this way Oofty and his caller passed a pleasant half hour, songs and jokes in broken Dutch being in order until we thought it about time to leave for green fields and pasteres new.

* * * * * * *

Hallo; what's this? Where are we now?
We're slightly mixed, we fear.
Our room? Well there, pray tell us how
The dickens we got here.
Oh where's the water jug? Be quick!
To drink ten quarts we'll try,
To day, we are not *witty*, but
Egad, we're very *dry*.

* * * * * * *

And thus ended our New Year calls. We said and did so much that most of the best things have been forgotten; we speak not of the smart chaps we took down with our sallies of wit, neither do we boast of the conquests we made with the lovely fair; you will hear them hereafter in the minstrel halls and theatres, adapted to the exigencies of every occasion, and doing other duty than that for which they were originally intended.

City Summary.

A SEASON of Italian opera was inaugurated at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, on Jan. 4th, by an association of *artistes* under the direction of M. de Vivo, when Mme. Rose Ostilag, a European *prima donna*, made her American *debut*, as Leonora, in "Il Trovatore." The success of this, to us, new candidate for operatic honors was not very marked. She is a careful singer and experienced actress, but has passed the rubicon of whatever fame she may have attained in her profession, and her voice lacks force and clearness, as her acting lacks the enthusiastic verve of youthful genius. Mme. Ostilag's Azucena was very good, and the Manrico of Sig. Lefranc was excellent, frequent applause greeting his efforts. Sig. Reyna was also very good as the Count de Luna. The same opera was sung on the 6th, and "Un Ballo in Maschera" is to be produced this week. One thing we would suggest to managers, viz., that if *claquers* are an absolute necessity of operatic performances they should attend rehearsal, and learn when to applaud, so that they may not mar some of the finest musical passages by their untimed and meaningless noise, as they did on Wednesday evening.

MLLE MILLIE TURNOUR, a pretty little miss of some fifteen summers, who performs wonderful feats upon a *trapeze* suspended from the dome of a theatre, has been one of the chief attractions at the Globe Theatre during the past week. Her feats exhibit much intrepidity, her actions are graceful, and her entire performance seems clothed with so much confidence, that no painful emotions are excited in the breasts of the spectators, and although a strong net is suspended immediately beneath the *trapeze*, we should judge from her skill that it would very seldom, if ever, be required. Standing upon a frail bar at a dizzy height and without either hand touching the suspending ropes, by the motion of her limbs alone she moves the *trapeze* in a circle, or back and forth, maintaining her equilibrium with apparent ease, and upon which she is one of the best performers we have ever seen. Messrs. Harrigan and Rickey re-appeared and performed all the week, their double songs and dances, "The Two Lone Widows" and "The Irish Quakers," being very laughable. Master Hunter, a youth of some ten years of age, performed a song and dance which indicated aptitude for his profession, and won an *encore*. Mr. J. A. Sharpley, a performer upon the concertina, was received with favor. Miss Ada Wray performed a banjo solo and song, which was *encored*. She has a very pretty face, and was costumed with taste. Her singing lacks method and cultivation, and her voice, which must have been a good one, has been sadly injured by injudicious practice. However, as she is still young, these faults may yet be remedied. Mr. J. H. Milburn appears to be as popular with the patrons of this resort as when he made his *debut*. He sang several of his old favorite songs judiciously, interspersed with new ones. His efforts received due recognition from the audience. "A Morning With Judge Dowling," which has excited considerable attention, has caused much laughter during the week, and was withdrawn after Saturday night last. Master James Speight, the infant violinist, has become a great favorite with the audiences. M'lles Devere, Bertha and the Misses Sallie Maddox and Julia Sandford, aided by the *corps de ballet*, have displayed some very graceful dancing in the *Bouquet de America*. Miss Morris sang several Irish songs which met with favor, and the performance closed with a sketch called "The Coopers," in which John Hart, Add Ryman and others exhibited their comical powers.

LARGE AUDIENCES continued to fill Niblo's Garden during the past week. The multifarious attractions of the "Black Crook," combining the fascinations of the *ballet*, the wonderful performances of the Mallitons, and the equally clever and evolutional Miss and Master Smith, sparkling, the bright, picturesque scenery, and the gorgeous transformation scene will tend to fill this theatre for many weeks to come.

MISS ANNIE DELAND, of Wallack's Theatre, was the recipient, on New Year's morning, of a pair of very valuable pendant diamond ear-rings and a diamond brooch. This lady, through Mr. Charles Couldock, who is now playing in the far west, received very flattering offer of an engagement to visit California.

THE THIRD ORPHEON FUND CONCERT, the proceeds of which are devoted towards sustaining the Orpheon free choral schools, took place at Apollo Hall on Saturday evening, Jan. 7th. The following artists volunteered their services:—Miss Emilie Boughton, soprano; Jerome Hopkins, pianist; Mons. N. Marache and Herr Lemberg, guitarists, and W. Dressler, conductor. After the concert, the seats were removed from the floor and a ball was participated in by the pupils of the Orpheon Free Choral School and the members of the society.

A RECONSTRUCTED VERSION of the burlesque entitled the "Forty Thieves" was produced by the Lydia Thompson burlesque troupe at Wood's Museum on Jan. 2d, and was performed every night during the past week and on the Saturday *matinee*, to a series of large audiences. This burlesque, when produced at Niblo's Garden by the same troupe, achieved great success, and its revival here was anticipated with a great deal of pleasure. Miss Thompson personated Ganem, and though laboring under a severe cold, acted the character with much vivacity and grace. Miss Alice Harrison acted Morgiana with piquancy, and is deserving of much credit for the care and attention displayed. As Ali Baba, Miss Ada Harland looked charmingly, and invested the *role* with grace, spirit and intelligence. Mr. Beckett's performance of Hassarac was quite as enjoyable as of yore, and was very humorous. It was in this character that he most favorably impressed his auditors on his first appearance in this country. The impersonation is artistic, and gives evidence of much thought and study. Willie Edouin as Ali Baba, Mr. Keene as Cassim, Miss Jenny Arnot as Orcobrand, Miss Atherton as Cogia, and pretty Miss Henderson as Zaide, all deserve especial mention. At the usual *matinees* Mr. Johnny Thompson appeared in the sensational drama entitled "On Hand," in which he personated a great variety of characters, and played upon a number of musical instruments. The "Forty Thieves" was withdrawn on Jan. 7th, and this evening, the 9th, a spectacular burlesque extravaganza, entitled "St. George and the Dragon; or, the Seven Champions of Christendom," will be produced.

FOR THE BENEFIT of the Church of the Good Savior, a concert was given at Association Hall, on January 5th, under the direction of Antonio L. Mora. The following artists performed: Mme. Gazzaniga, Signor Le Franc, Miss Graziella Ridgway, Signor P. Centemeri, M'lle Fernanda Tedesaka, and Mr. S. S. Mills.

AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, the American farcical comedy has hit the popular taste, and has filled the auditorium of that theatre during the past week. Its witty dialogue, bright scenery, the pretty faces of the lady artists, and the rich and tasteful costumes, combine to form a very pleasant entertainment.

AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, M'lle Aimee has appeared during the past week in her original *role* of Fiorella in the "Brigands", to fair audiences. At the Saturday *matinee* Fiorella was sung by M'lle Montaland, and Fragolietto by M'lle Tual.

THE FIRST ANNUAL BALL of the "Lina Edwin Coterie" took place at Apollo Hall on Friday evening, Jan. 6th. The officers of the Association are Messrs. Samuel W. Fort, President; Henry Pray, Treasurer; Daniel Shay, Vice President, and J. Somers, Secretary.

"WE WILLIE WINKIE" at the Olympic Theatre was fairly patronized during the past week. The audience on Monday was large, both afternoon and night.

JOSEPH FRANCIS WALSH, solo violinist, gave a concert at Lyric Hall on Jan. 5th, when he had the assistance of the following artists:—the Misses Emma Celia Terry, soprano; Charlotte V. Hutchings, contralto; Signor F. Filippi, tenor; Henry E. Brown, pianist and conductor.

THE SLEEPY DRAMA of "Rip Van Winkle" was brought to a close on Jan. 7th, which closed Mr. Jefferson's performance at Booth's Theatre. The engagement opened well, but was prolonged beyond public requirements. Mr. J. is succeeded by the manager as the star, who appears this evening as Richelieu.

THE LAEMLEIN SISTERS, Emma and Rebecca, the young California pianists, will give their second concert in this city on Wednesday evening, Jan. 11th, at Steinway Hall.

HARRY LESLIE informs us that he has entirely recovered from the effect of his accident, and is now prepared to resume his professional duties.

MISS BLANCHE DEBAR, a talented young actress, who has not been before the public quite as much of late as might be desirable, played Meenie, in "Rip Van Winkle" at Booth's Theatre on Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday *matinee*, and will play that character in Brooklyn at the Academy during the present week. It is announced that she will shortly withdraw from the company at the above named theatre.

COL. T. A. BROWN, dramatic agent, 643 Broadway, is prepared to negotiate with managers for the appearance of the Walhalla and Bioplastic Troupes, the Clark Family Concert Troupe, and several other artists. The Academy of Music, Pittsburgh, Pa., can be rented through him, and he states through his card, that he is prepared to secure performers in all branches of the profession for managers desiring their services.

MESSRS. CUNNINGHAM & DOW, proprietors of the Eureka dramatic agency, 636 Broadway, insert their card in another column, and state that Jennie Benson can be engaged through them.

RIGGS AND FITZGERALD, dramatic agents, 643 Broadway, state through their card elsewhere that they transact all business appertaining to the dramatic profession, and give particular attention to variety people. They are agents for Millie Turnour, the Wilsons and the Miaces, gymnasts, and they are in need of dancers and other artists; also, they would like to hear from first class troupes.

THE PRODUCTION OF A NEW COMEDY at Wallack's Theatre is an event which attracts more than ordinary attention, and, consequently, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 3d, when T. W. Robertson's freshest production, entitled "War," was acted for the first time in this city there was assembled within the auditorium an audience which occupied every available space, both for sitting and standing. This comedy-drama was presented with the following cast:—

Col. De Rochernannes, of the French army	C. Fisher
Oscar, his son, officer in French Lancers	Geo. Clarke
Her Earl Hartmann	John Gilbert
Capt. Sound, R. N.	J. Brougham
Lotte Hartmann	Miss Henriques
Blanche	Miss Tracy
Jessie	Miss Fowler
Agnes	Miss Blaisdell
Katie	Miss McCormack

and was mounted in a very picturesque style. The action is divided into three parts, and there are but two scenes used in the entire drama. The first, the villa and garden at Sevenoaks, in Kent, from the pencil of H. Isherwood, is novel in construction and elaborate in design. This scene is also used for the last act. The second, representing a ruined church and *debris* of the battle on the field of Woerth, from the pencil of G. Evans, was most artistic, and the perspective of the landscape stretching far in the distance, excellent. The action occurs during a portion of the night and early morning. The first grey dawn of day, breaking over the hills in the distance, commingled with the red rays of the rising sun, which gradually increased to the full light of day, was very artistically managed. The posing of the dead soldiers, the shattered cannon carriages, the small arms and accoutrements reflect great credit upon the stage management. Of the drama itself, the story of which we published some weeks since, it can be said that its plot is most slight, and the dialogue, though apt at times, and very poor at others. In "King John," Mrs. J. H. Booth as Constance was really very fine, she having an ample appreciation of the character, and succeeded most fully in presenting it to the audience. The part of Arthur was taken by a young child, Portia Albee, about eleven years old, I should say, who delivered the lines in a wonderfully perfect manner. The rest of the cast was quite poor, Neil Warner being especially so, not knowing his own lines. In Othello, Mrs. J. H. Booth as Desdemona, and Neil Warner as Iago, were both admirable, while the rest were, as usual, poor. The farce of 'John Wopps' followed 'Louis XI' on Thursday, in which Stewart Robson took the title *role*. In 'Hamlet,' last night, Neil Warner appeared to the greatest advantage as the Ghost, and played as I never saw him play before. Louis Aldrich and [illegible] had one, too. There seems to be [illegible] Mr. Aldrich has to be few characters in this play in which Mr. Aldrich has not appeared. Horatio, the King, Laertes, and once, I believe, Hamlet, have fallen to his lot. C. Leslie Allen's Polonius and Rachel Noah's Ophelia were the only other characters that were well played. The house though small was enthusiastic last night, and called Mr. Montgomery before the curtain three times. This afternoon 'Louis XI' and 'John Wopps,' this evening 'Macbeth.' Next week is Montgomery's last, and on Monday he will appear in 'A New Way to Pay old Debts.' The German Opera Troupe opens on the 16th.....At the Museum 'War' was withdrawn after Saturday, although the audiences were still pretty good in size. On Monday and Tuesday of this week 'Babes in the Wood' and 'Regular Fix' held the boards, and on Wednesday afternoon and evening 'Old Heads and Young Hearts' was given. On Thursday the long-expected and much-talked of production of 'Guy Mannering' took place. The following is the full cast:—

Meg Merrilies	Miss Jackson
Dandie Dinmont	Chas. Barron
Dominie Sampson	Wm. Warren
Guy Mannering	W. H. Crisp
Harry Bertram	Williams
Dirk Hatteraick	F. Hardenlaigh
Gilbert Glossin	J. B. Bradford
Gabriel	N. Salisbury
Sebastien	Nolan
Jock Jobbs	D. C. Coolidge
Julia Mannering	Miss Rorke
Lucy Bertram	Laura Phillips
Mrs. McCandlish	Mrs. Vincent
Flora	Ada Gilman
Gipsy Girl	Miss Wright
Grizzy	Miss Johnstone

The chief interest, of course, centred in Annie Clarke's performance of Meg Merrilies, a part to which she has devoted herself for a very long time. On the first night she was evidently very nervous, and was unable to do herself justice. Still her rendering of the character was remarkably fine. Her voice is not quite deep enough, but this can and will be remedied. Mr. Warren's Dominie Sampson was delightfully humorous, and is one of the greatest features of the cast. Barron's Dandie Dinmont was also admirable in its quiet, telling humor. Fred. Williams' Bertram was an easy, pleasant performance, and his singing was the best in the play, while his duet with Barron in the second act was altogether the gem of the evening in that line. That singing, as a rule, was, I regret to say, hardly as good as it should have been, and perhaps it would have added to the enjoyment if it had been entirely omitted. Georgie Reignolds made her first appearance in Boston on this occasion. She is rather pretty; looks very much like her sister Kate. She has a great deal to learn in her profession, though her confidence in acting is most amusing. Lulu Phillips looked very pretty indeed, but was not very successful in her acting. As a rule, the cast is an excellent one, and deserves hardly any censure. The scenery was most excellent, the Gypsey Camp by Moonlight in the second act being prominent. It is announced for all next week and until further notice.....At the Globe 'Black and White' has been played all the week, and an extra *matinee* was given on Wednesday, drawing very large audiences. But the largest house of the week was present on Wednesday evening, when 'Pios and Passion,' and 'Sheep in Wolf's Clothing,' was performed, with Miss Le Clercq as the attraction in both pieces. This bill is one of the very best ever given at this house, and Miss Le Clercq has never appeared to so much advantage. Her performance of Madame de Fontanges in the first, and of Anne Carew in the second were both triumphs, and elicited deserved applause. Next week will be one of the saddest weeks of the season, for it is the last we shall see of those two remarkable actors, Charles Fechter and Carlotta Le Clercq, who have become almost like old friends during their brief stay here. Whatever faults Mr. Fechter may have as a manager, he is, nevertheless, the remarkable artist who has often charmed us with his powers. The programme for his farewell week is varied and attractive. Monday, 'Black and White;' Tuesday, 'Ruy Blas;' Wednesday afternoon, 'Don Cæsar De Bazan;' Wednesday evening, 'Masks and Faces;' Thursday, 'Hamlet;' Friday, 'Lady of Lyons;' Saturday, 'Black and White' for the last time, when the new bill is inaugurated. Mr. Cheney has wisely decided to manage his own theatre hereafter, and W. R. Floyd is to be stage manager. The first play produced under the new *regime* will be 'Romeo and Juliet,' with Mrs. Scott Siddons as Juliet, and J. W. Wallack as Mercutio. Mrs. Chanfrau will shortly re-appear as Dora.....At the Howard, Harry Bloodgood, Mince Brothers, Prof. Sylvester, Agnes Leonard, Nichols, Lynch and Smith, Belville Ryan and Archer and Edgar have been the new arrivals.....At the Adelphi, the 'Black Crook' continues, while the 'Green Monster' is in active preparation. Mlle. Castaletti, W. H. Lester, Signor Valdes and Gus Williams are the new stars.....The Olympic has given 'the Drummer Boy' all the week, but to-night is its last performance, and next week this theatre will return to its wonted quiet and dreary mien, posting 'closed doors' once more." P. S.—After the above was in type we received the following by a later mail:—"'Black and White' was announced for this, Saturday, afternoon, and a large audience was gathering, when news came that Miss Le Clercq, who plays the Heiress, had sprained her ankle, and a change of bill was demanded. Several farces—'Boots at the Swan,' 'Lottery Ticket,' etc.—were put forward, and money returned to those ticket holders who required it. The result was a miserably poor house, as very few cared to remain. It is doubtful whether she will be well enough to play next week."

THINGS THEATRICAL in Richmond, Va., says J. B. R., under date of January 6th, "have been far from successful during the past week, and it is very doubtful whether the boys will ever grow rich in Richmond. The stern record of such bad business. It is due, in a great measure, to the fact that our theatre-goers have had a surfeit of pantomime performances this season, and though the Martinetti Family are thorough artists, in a city like Richmond, it is not a judicious conclusion for the management to bring one pantomime company four or five weeks during a season of little over three months. The Martinettis closed an engagement last night, and started this morning for Syracuse, N. Y. Lila and Zoe, aerial gymnasts, had a benefit on Tuesday, January 3d, tendered them by the citizens, in order to replace their wardrobe, which they lost at the Spotswood fire in this city, and realized the sum of $233, which, considering everything, was quite good. De Lave himself won anything but an envious reputation while in this city. For six nights was he announced to appear in his light-rope ascension, but only appeared once, the second and subsequent nights being indisposed. His *trapeze* was attached by the printer, under the law of the State, who charged him with being an absconding debtor. I must say that De Lave positively refused to pay the bill, and had it not been for Lila and Zoe, the creditors would have had recourse to law to retain him.....This season the management of the theatre has been repeatedly disappointed in stars and combinations, merriment. In the first part Monroe Dempster's excellent tenor voice was heard to great advantage in "Evangeline." C. W. d'Alberte sang with much effect, "There's no such word as Fail." W. F. Stanley rendered the beautiful Girl of Kildare," in such a pleasing manner as to win the hearty recognition of the audience. One of J. R. Thomas' songs entitled "Goodbye, but Come Again," was charmingly sung by Miss Morgan, and the second portion of this part of the entertainment was supplied by Dan Bryant, who sang a refrain upon the popular saying, "You Know How it is Yourself," and Dave Reed humorously described "The Buzzing Musketo'." The "Black Brigands" concluded the entertainment.

FRANK DREW, a comedian of sterling merit, who has but recently returned from a tour around the world, commenced an engagement at the Bowery Theatre on Monday, Jan. 2d, at the *matinee* performance. The holiday celebration of the birth of the new year, occurring on that day, a programme of great variety was presented. The bill consisted of the drama entitled "The Gunmaker of Moscow," a performance upon the flying trapeze by Blanche and George Leopold, "Proteus Personified," "Handsome Jack," and "Mischievous Nanette." In the evening the "Heart of Gold," "Our Wife," Blanche and Geo. Leopold in their trapeze performance, "Proteus Personified, and "Jack Long." The evening performance was repeated on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. On Tauresday and Friday the "Invisible Husband," "Irish Emigrant," and the "Venetian Bandit," were acted. On Saturday, "John di Procida," "Ould Ireland and Young America," "Out on a Spree," and the "Free Traders," in connection with the bill. Blanche and George Leopold appeared each evening in their trapeze performance, and closed their engagement with the past week. Mr. Drew has pleased his auditors, which were quite numerous during the week. He has a keen appreciation of humor, and is an actor of great versatility, playing with equal satisfaction refined light comedy, or the broadest farce. His singing is excellent, and forms an attractive feature in his performance. He possesses imitative powers of no mean order, which he displayed to advantage in "Porteus Personified."

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE Miss Clara Vernon was the only fresh face that appeared during the past week. She sang a number of ballads in a pleasing manner, and her efforts were duly appreciated by the audience. Among the many additional acts upon the programme Ashcroft and Morton in the song and dance, "Where the Woodbine Twineth," were excellent. The Siegrist Family gave their clever acrobatic feats, and Francou Siegrist introduced his trained dogs, which are well trained and deservedly attractive. All the Ethiopian talent of the company appeared in an old fashioned "Plantation Walk Around." A characteristic *ballet* entitled "Jolly Santa Claus, or the Fairy of the Mistletoe," was well received. The performance concluded with a sketch entitled "Sights in the City," in which J. F. Wambold personated a Dutchman seeing the New Year's festivities in New York city. For this evening very strong attraction is announced, consisting of the Lauri Family, pantomimists, eight in number, who will appear in a trick pantomime entitled the 'Fire Fiend.' Hughey Dougherty, Ethiopian comedian, and James Collins and Miss Martha Wren, character duettists.

"LIE ME DE, " in compliance with many requests, was replaced upon the programme of the San Francisco Minstrels, on Monday last, in the performance of which Johnny Queen and Billy West were peculiarly happy, and won the hearty approbation of the audience. In the first part, "Come Sit by My Side, Little Darling," was charmingly sung by D. S. Wamsold. Charley Backus in "Carry de News," and Billy Birch in "My Policy," created much merriment. Rollin Howard, in the second part, sang "Coming from the Matinee" artistically, and was costumed with taste. The burlesque opera, the "Brigands," was repeated throughout the week, and the efforts of the company were rewarded with liberal patronage.

Dramatic.

OF THINGS THEATRICAL IN BOSTON, our correspondent, writing under date of Jan. 7th, reports as follows:—"Walter Montgomery has appeared during the week in a slightly change of bill, at the Boston Theatre, and although not increasing audiences, yet it has shown him in a better light than did Antony. Mr. Montgomery came without sufficient notice. Very few people know who he is, and where he came from, and what his merits are. They had, indeed, heard of the few nights of Shakespearean revivals at Niblo's, but that was all, and they were not prepared for the advent of a great man. It is too bad, but it only shows what bungling management may accomplish. And really, the public are losing a great treat. 'King John' was played on Monday, and again repeated on Wednesday. This is not, by any means, an attractive *role*, and although Montgomery has evidently studied it as he does everything—well, yet it does not give him any great opportunities. On Tuesday evening he gave a grand performance of 'Othello,' full of originality and of thought. On Thursday 'Louis XI' was given, and here again he was perfectly splendid. His grand triumph, however, was in his performance of Hamlet last night. He introduces much that is new, and gives an air of freshness and originality to what is old, and the business, though at times too elaborate, is intensely interesting. He delivers his soliloquies grandly, and his scene with Ophelia, in the third act, was full of pity for those of our scholars who are missing such a

"Rusted Down," "Fron-Fron," "American Cousin," &c., Miss Keene appearing as Fron-Fron with good effect, supported by Mr. Jesse Brooks as Louise, Mr. Morley as Henri Chartreux, Mr. Hart Conway made a first-rate Comte de Vitrois, and Mr. Keanedy was good as the Bar-n di Champigny. In Piper's Opera House, Virginia city, Nevada, proceeded to Carson city and there inaugurated the theatre which has been leased by Proctor. Miss Sue Robinson, Miss Jennie Mandeville, and Walter Leman, were the principal attractions, and the opening night was a grand success. The business of both companies under Mr. Proctor's management has been exceedingly good, and most attractive.....Jan. 7. Oshkosh made his first appearance since last season before a crowded house. Kate Mayhew's Topsy was a clever performance, as was Mr. Blaisdell's Robert Audley.....At Crosby's Opera House "The Twelve Temptations" was produced on the evening of the 5th, to an immense audience. From the time of commencement the piece has worked badly. Some of the scenery is really gorgeous, particularly the Cascades and Egyptian scenes. The transformation scene is very ordinary and cannot compare with the scene in the "White Fawn" or "Undine." The *ballet* is rather light and the *premieres* only passable. Mons. Ajax and Mlle. Lupo are very clever and creating a fair impression. The acting is up to the required standard. Mlle. Rose Denist is an excellent actress. J. V. Dailey, W. Davidge, Jr., and E. R. Tilton are assuming their parts in a commendable style. The attendance has only been fair since the opening night....."Frits" continues the attraction at McVicker's and is drawing good audiences. Mrs. D. P. Bowers succeeds Mr. Emmett on the 9th, opening in Lucretia Shaw.....The Academy of Music has suspended operations for a short time, owing to managerial difficulties. Mr. D. R. Allen asserts that it will positively re-open on the 9th, under his management."

J. A. LORD'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed a twelve nights' season in Leavenworth, Kansas, on Jan. 7th, and commenced on Jan. 9th in Topeka a brief season of performances.

MR. L. L. GRAHAM, of Lord's Dramatic Company, was married in Atchinson, Kansas, on Dec. 21st, 1870, to Miss May Graham, of the same company.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY under the management of Dugan and Lucas, now successfully playing at the New Opera House, Bridgeport, Conn., intend prolonging their season until Feb. 1st. During the past week they have produced the following plays:—On Jan. 2d, the "Ticket of Leave Man;" 3d, "East Lynne;" 4th, "Othello;" 5th, the "Lady of Lyons," with J. B. Studley as Claude Melnotte, and Miss Pauline Shannon as Pauline; 6th, the "Streets of New York," and the 7th, "Under the Gaslight." The following is a complete list of the company:—Messrs. J. B. Studley, W. M. Foster, J. F. Noyes, Harry Holmes, A. D. Billings, G. F. Elliott, T. E. Jackson, W. Moreland, Birch, Judson, Nelson; the Misses Ida Vernon, Jennie Abbott, Eliza Le Brun, Clara Seabrook and Josie Langley.

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NEWS FROM THE PACIFIC SLOPE is sent us by our correspondent "Three Stars," dated Sacramento, Cal., Dec. 30th:—"We have not been favored with any dramatic performances in this city the past week, and with the exception of a concert given under the auspices of a benevolent society, no amusement has been permitted since my last communication. It is doubtful, too, whether we shall have many opportunities until the return of the Proctor company, whose coming is expected somewhere in the neighborhood of Jan. 16th or 20th.....Miss Sallie Hinckley and Geo. W. Thompson gave a performance in San Jose last Saturday night, but the attendance was rather limited, and on the receipt of a telegram from Mr. Proctor, Miss Hinckley withdrew from the company, and proceeded to Virginia city to strengthen the troupe performing at Piper's Opera House. Thompson, however, remained, and gave performances on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, but business was anything but encouraging. Thompson passed through this city yesterday, en route for Salt Lake City, where he and Miss Sallie Hinckley are engaged to play for a season, commencing on Jan. 21.....On the 24th inst., a portion of the Proctor company, at Piper's Opera House, Virginia city, Nevada, proceeded to Carson city and there inaugurated the theatre which has been leased by Proctor. Miss Sue Robinson, Miss Jennie Mandeville, and Walter Leman, were the principal attractions, and the opening night was a grand success. The business of both companies under Mr. Proctor's management has been exceedingly good, and most attractive.....Jan. 7. Oshkosh made his first appearance since last season before a crowded house. Kate Mayhew's Topsy was a clever performance, as was Mr. Blaisdell's Robert Audley.....At Crosby's Opera House "The Twelve Temptations" was produced on the evening of the 5th, to an immense audience. From the time of commencement the piece has worked badly. Some of the scenery is really gorgeous, particularly the Cascades and Egyptian scenes. The transformation scene is very ordinary and cannot compare with the scene in the "White Fawn" or "Undine." The *ballet* is rather light and the *premieres* only passable. Mons. Ajax and Mlle. Lupo are very clever and creating a fair impression. The acting is up to the required standard. Mlle. Rose Denist is an excellent actress. J. V. Dailey, W. Davidge, Jr., and E. R. Tilton are assuming their parts in a commendable style. The attendance has only been fair since the opening night....."Frits" continues the attraction at McVicker's and is drawing good audiences. Mrs. D. P. Bowers succeeds Mr. Emmett on the 9th, opening in Lucretia Shaw.....The Academy of Music has suspended operations for a short time, owing to managerial difficulties. Mr. D. R. Allen asserts that it will positively re-open on the 9th, under his management."

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